

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

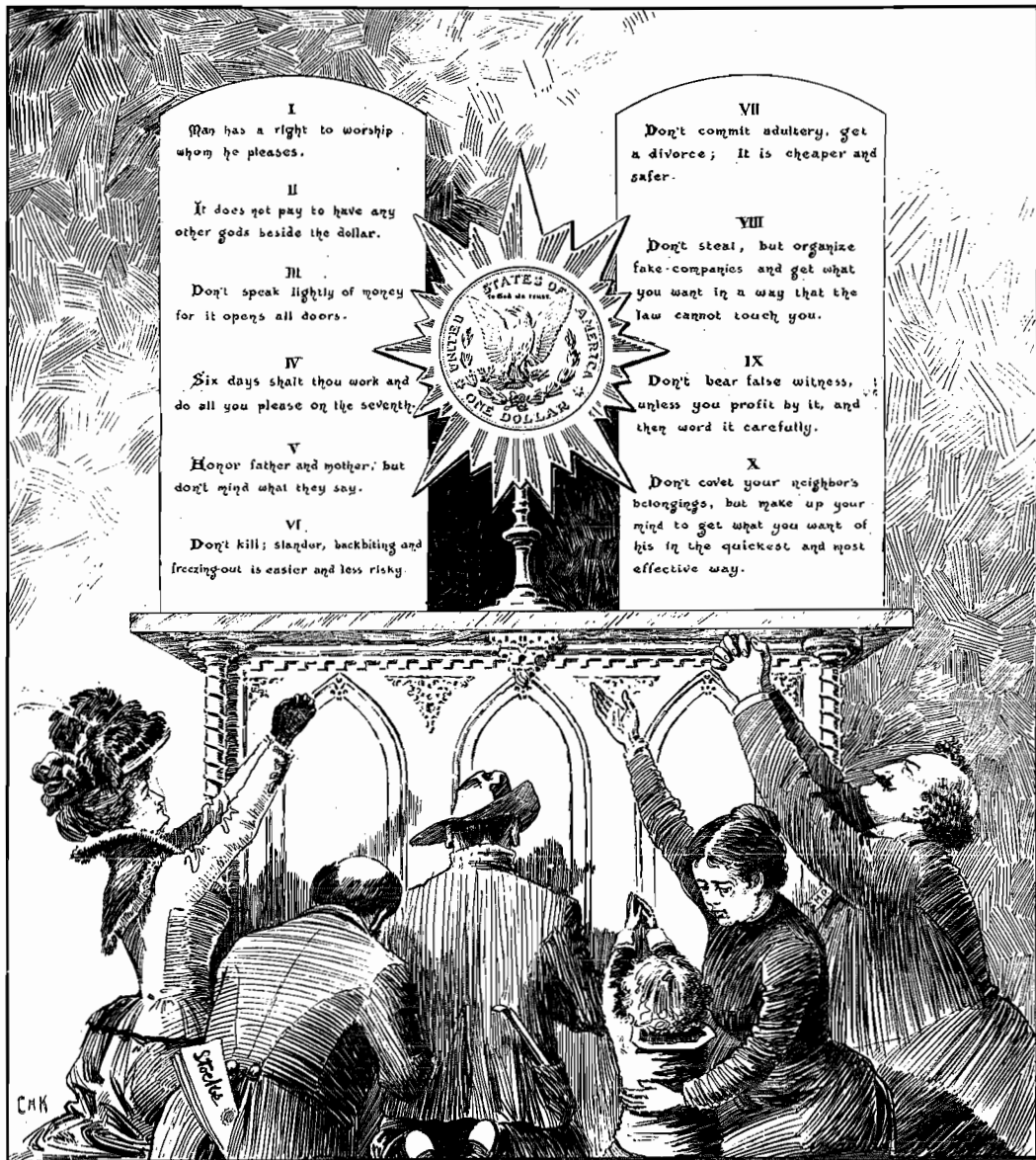
15th Year. No. 23.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE WORLD'S WORSHIP.

(See Article on page 6.)

Abe's Arithmetic.

I.—THE NUMERALS.

I.

ONE Fish, One Unity, One Baptism, and let it be that of the Holy Ghost.

II.

THE TWO Roads.
Hell, or
Heaven? Choose ye this day!

III.

THE TRIPLE.
God, the Father,
God, our Saviour and Elder Brother,
God, our Guide and Comforter.

IV.

FOUR Cardinal Points.
Penitence leads to
pardon; after that seek for
unity, and you will have
over with God and man.

V.

THE LOCAL OFFICER'S QUALIFICATION.
Qual.—War Cry Sergeant.
Inactivity.—Sergeant-Major.
Rudeness.—Visiting Sergeant.
Creepiness.—Company Sergeant-Major.
Ereaserance.—Junior Sergeant-Major.

VI.

THE F. O. V. A. B. C.
A Field Officer should be:
Active, always doing his duty;
Able, in point of business.
Brave in facing difficulties;
Brief and pointed on the platform;
Consistent under all circumstances;
Commanding in the right spirit.

VII.

THE EIGHT SEVEN.
Dirty-unclean habits bring unclean thoughts,
evil enslaves his victim,
outrages faith,
risk paralyses the brain,
ruins destroy the conscience,
death follows in the wake of the other-
annihilation is the terrible finale.

VIII.

THE TWO SQUARES.
A Sinner is:
Assailed by cares and worries,
assaulted by his sins,
assaulted by his conscience,
assaulted by the thought of the coming judgment.
A Salvationist is:
onest to his dealings, and
elpful to his neighbor;
eager in his service;
loyal in his life.

IX.

A TRIO.
Glorious is death;
courage is prewariness;
admission is to be preferred,
order—do all things orderly;
organization is half of success;
dedication is better than sacrifice.
Dedication—be clear about it;
discipline is necessary to unity of action;
divine power must go with both.

X.

SINNERS.
Would Jesus have the sinner die?
By hangs He then the sinner
in outstretched hands the Saviour stands,
weeping will not save you,
early ones. He gives rest,
ask ones. He imparts strength.
Ten death calls may you be ready to
that a man sows, that will be reap.
ill you not come to Him now?
however will, may come.

Health Hints.

"Our Dumb Animals" has repeatedly pointed out that the wearing of sulphur in the boots has proved in numerous instances an effective preventative against La Grippe. The dose recommended is a teaspoonful once a week in the boots.

From Brooklyn, N. Y., we received this morning the following letter: "Dear Sir,—It may interest your readers to know that during the great influenza epidemic in London, in 1889, the Board of Health of that city advised the public affected with the disease to make an abundant use of hot lemonade. The perspiration caused thereby is, in most cases, sufficient to relieve the patient of severe colds and save him from taking refuge in quinine or other drugs, which often do more harm than good. "In bronchial troubles lemon juice will relieve the irritation in the throat, acting at the same time as a natural disinfectant. Very truly yours,
Charles F. Hirsch."

How Can I Be Silent?

By J. W. C.

These verses were written by a convict in the Deer Lodge State Prison (Montana).

Oh, how can I keep silent?
Here in my prison cell,
When all around are dying,
And on their road to hell?

Oh, how can I keep silent?
And hear my Saviour's name
Profaned by all the inmates,
As if from hell they came?

Oh, how can I keep silent?
Where men so deeply dyed
Are looking for some comfort,
But drift with every tide?

Oh, how can I keep silent?
When life is ebbing fast,
And death his harrow reaping—
The day of warning past.

Oh, how can I keep silent?
With Him my steps to guide,
I'll hear the cross of Jesus,
Through sunshine, storm and tide.

Oh, how can I keep silent?
Though all the world were free,
And see four hundred prisoners
Shackled so close to me?

Oh, how can I keep silent?
Soon will my Master call—
Demand His precious talents,
I mean to double all.

Oh, how can I keep silent?
With Jesus at my side,
He shields and guards and guides me
From the world's raging tide.

Oh, how can I keep silent?
A child of God's own care,
In the green pastures feeding,
His love and joy I share.

Oh, how can I keep silent?
With the law of God so plain
Spread on the Bible's pages,
I will help to spread its fame.

PICKED UP

She Likes Our Singing.

Some people like our street singing! A woman in ——— said to an officer, with tears in her eyes, "I am unable to go to church, but when your band comes along I open my door and listen, and it seems as if I am on wings going to heaven."

He Knew a Good Thing.

A Catholic youth was saved in a Salvation Army meeting. His comrades were very curious to hear what the priest would say about it. One of them told the priest that this young man had joined the Army. Instead of getting vexed the priest wisely answered, "Let him alone, he's all right! WE could never do him any good."

Unquestionable Evidence.

A Canadian comrade after receiving his wages on Saturday night went round to pay the last of his old debts. "Say," said the storekeeper, after receiving his money, "they tell me you have joined the Salvation Army crowd." "You may be sure of that," said the soldier; "if I had not you would never have got your pay." The storekeeper thinks there must be something in salvation, after all.

From Jail to Penitent-Form.

A reclaimed drunkard, twenty-four years of age, said that he first heard the S. A. when doing walking-drill in jail. The band was going past his place. "Oh, the voice to me so dear," and he was so impressed that he resolved to lead a new life when he recovered his freedom. When his time was up, he went to church. His coat was not worth a halfpenny. He had a dog on one foot and a shoe on the other, and when the folks sitting near espied his forlorn condition they moved away and left him the same. He himself? He thanked God that the Army made him welcome, and now he was saved.

Forward.

"I must go forward"—he must. While I must stay just here: Yet "forward" God will help me I dare not doubt or fear. The heart and eyes that ever Look "forward" for great things Shall be confounded?—Never! Under Almighty wings.

Man, Know Thyself!

This was the answer given by a Greek sage thousands of years ago to an inquiry as to what is considered the highest human knowledge to be aspired to, and this is still true to-day.

Men are quick in their recognition and denunciation of wrong in others, when they are often perfectly blind to those very faults in themselves.

There is a certain class of people who most vigorously condemn those sins in others which are most prominent in their own lives. This class can be subdivided into two kinds: 1. Those who do so ignorantly—they are fools; and 2. Those who do so to divert attention from themselves—they are hypocrites.

The wise man is he who has become conscious of his weaknesses, and while determinedly endeavoring to improve himself, has learned to be charitable in judging others with like shortcomings.

The man who strictly minds his own business and puts his house in order, will be one who overcomes, and the one whom God desires to entrust with a place of usefulness.

"Watch and pray," said Jesus. Watching will keep us conscious of ourselves, and praying will keep us conscious of God and His ability to cover with His strength our every weakness.

There is no truth of our faith, which, when interpreted by the simple language of our Lord and His disciples, will be found to touch hearts more closely than that of His atonement.



Words and Music by Ben Sims, Tenor Solo.

1. Je-sa I come to Thee, weary of sin and strife, Noneeacan set me free. I have tried to sing, by sin and doubt oppressed, lead me, O Saviour

free, Thou hast the Words of Life: In-to Thy per-fect Rest!

(CHORUS) And now I offer (from the small notes) ————

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD will cleanse me from all

(Solo) The precious blood, the precious, precious blood

sin, and rebred in which I'll walk in life, the glory the roll in, Thy

From all sins

Glory, Thine in, And praise the LOVE that washes me from every sin!

(organ full.)

Jesus, I come to Thee, weary of sin and strife,
None else can set me free, Thou hast the words of life,
Lord, I have toiled so long, by sin and doubt oppressed,
Lead me, O Saviour strong, into Thy perfect rest.

Refrain.

The Blood! The Blood!
The Blood will cleanse me from all sin,
And rebred in white I'll walk in light,
When the Glory Tide rolls in,
When the Glory Tide rolls in,
And praise the Love that washed me
In the Blood from ev'ry sin.

Jesus, on Thee I call, humbly before Thy throne,
For grace to give up all, oh, make me Thine alone.
To Thee my will I yield, teach me to know Thy way,
Be Thou my Guide and Shield, so shall I never stray.

Jesus, my Saviour dear, fast hold my hand in Thine,
So shall I never fear, so shall Thy way be mine;
Safe in the secret place, resting, True Vine, in Thee,
Kept by the Father's grace, faithful my life shall be.



MORE, the great Irish Poet, in his beautiful hymn, "Come, ye discarnate," claims that "Earth has no sorrow which Heaven cannot cure." We sometimes think when we behold the many human wrecks around us that the idea could in part be applied to these, and we could rejoicingly assure them, that "SIN brings no sorrow that HIS BLOOD cannot cure." For there is positively no unfavorable circumstance into which sin can crowd a soul, no depth of iniquity into which it can sink, no darkness of sin's sorrow into which it can be hurled, but can be fully met, and unmastered, and dispelled, and the once sin-stained soul be freed from the loathsome burden of guilt, forgiven of all its transgressions, purified from the poisonous effects of sin's sting by the Blood once shed, be filled with the pure love of a crucified Christ, be fired by the burning power of the Holy Ghost, and thus being renewed in God be enabled by His grace to rise above the rolling tides of opposition, above the black gathering clouds of temptation, above the many weaknesses of the flesh, and above the railing powers of this world's woe, and the countless opposing forces of Satan's kingdom.

True it is, that sin not only ruins the soul, but if continued in and followed, it terribly injures the body and robs the mind—and indeed the whole being—of the nobility of its nature, of the strength of its virtue, and of the brightest and best of its talents and powers.

Twin Evils

Amongst the most powerful of all the evils which can be used to degrade and destroy these faculties are drink and morphine; these generally go together, for the former leads to the latter, which so speedily and completely captivates and conquers its victim that he feels there is no possibility of snaking off the treacherous monster. Indeed, the victim does not use it long before he feels that he cannot even live without it, notwithstanding the consciousness he possesses that each dose he takes is adding to the speed with which his enemy is hurrying him to a premature grave.

Such a case was that of Bro. L., whom I met at S. He is a railway conductor, and looks so sound and hale now that one would scarcely believe it possible that he could have previously reached the degree of debauchery to which I heard his lips testify he had done. His story, in brief, ran like this:

His Tale.

"I lived a fast life and was going at a rapid speed to an early grave. I habitually used, in no small measure, whiskey, cigarettes, cognac and morphine, to all of which I had become an inveterate slave. I had not the power of an infant to resist either, but wanted some every time I saw it, and, as a rule, it was never far enough away to be out of my reach. It soon made me a complete wreck in body, mind and soul. In physical strength, I was a child—in my appearance, an old man. None of my friends had any hope of me. I had none of myself. I never went to church, and I got through, then thought about it over and over again. All the next night, when I wear and never more presented myself at the barracks to get to know what I should do next. She

led me out like a child. No other leading would have done, for my nervous system and mind was thoroughly shattered, and I was so saturated and stupefied with the devil's drugging that I could only hear the careful, tender handling usually given to a child. I simply did what the Captain told me in the best way I knew how, and I got saved—blessedly saved. Never shall I forget it. I sometimes think, now, what

"So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone."
—Newman.

HISTORY records a beautiful legend regarding an incident of the Crusades: When the Crusaders were approaching Jerusalem, whatever quarrel and dissension had existed between them was dropped, and the most perfect union prevailed among the ranks of the warriors of the Cross. So eager were they in their desire and impatience to see Jerusalem that neither mountain dells, rivers or any other impediment could dampen their ardor. The soldiers would

helped me after I got saved as much as anything apart from God, was that I laughed for two whole years without ceasing. I couldn't help it—it took me that way. I can now a different man altogether, for when I came to God I was doubled up like a man bent with old age. Nor have I for a moment had a desire for either whiskey, cigarettes, cognac and morphine since. I love His will now and seek to do it. To God be the praise!"

Now, when the grave, the power, the salvation of God works such wonders as this in the lives and characters of the once vilest, it not only demonstrates that there is **HOPE FOR YOU**, but it teaches us that salvation will do a great deal to repair in this life the wrongs which sin have made, as well as to make us meet to become "partakers of an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," in the life which is to come. Will you forsake sin, and seek that grace?

and the salvation of souls, nothing can hinder our progress. And this zeal will create among us an imbush of thought and action that shall accomplish even greater victories than have yet been recorded in history. All the accomplishments of the past did, at the time, not seem so magnificent and far-reaching in their greatness as us individually as they appear to us now after many years, when we can see them in their true value and according to their bearing on our own life. We often are tempted to count great victories as small things, because we view them individually, and without understanding the



not even consent to take rest, and often, contrary to the wishes of their leader, marched through the night which, it was said, a luminous angel directed their course.

May that same spirit of holy impudence possess our mind and life, the unquenchable desire to re-conquer blood-washed souls from the dominion of darkness. We are all aware of the many difficulties and obstacles which the devil will throw in our way, but we need not be afraid while the angel of God goes before us. If we keep but a single eye for the glory of God

immediate influence they have upon those round us, and the combined indirect effect they will produce; this can only be seen in the future.

"Think not of rest, though dreams be sweet.

Start up and ply your heavenward feet;

Is not God's oath upon your head,

Never again your knees unite?

Nor let your torches waste and die,

Till, when the shadows thickest fall,

Ye hear your Master's midnight call."

—Keble.

Lieutenant Tessie Glass

Goes Over to the "Great Majority."

HER FURLOUGH EXTENDED ETERNALLY.

I met her when she came to this country almost five months ago, hoping that the change of air and complete rest would restore her health and strength again. Alas, no! She gradually grew worse, and it became very evident to those around that her work on earth was nearly finished. Her sisters and brother were waiting in their love and devotion to her, and did everything possible for her comfort and restoration, but God had ordered otherwise. Although we cannot see why He should take one so young and useful from our midst, yet we know "He doeth all things well."

The Sunday before her promotion her brother told me that the Lieutenant could not linger much longer. I went down to Fort Leavenworth, and never will I forget her as she lay upon the bed, so weak, so full of pain from sheer weakness, her poor body so emaciated by the disease, and while she raised her dear thin hands towards her Heavenly Father and pleaded with Him to come and take her to Himself, we could not wish her to stay when she longed so to go. Our tears flowed freely. She was so sweet, so kind, so true, so pure. "Oh, do pray that Jesus may come!" "Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast." Then "Come, dear Saviour, and take me in Your arms and carry me safely home." Oh, how soon, I am so tired." Thus she pleaded until exhausted the tired arms fell at her side. We knelt and prayed to Him Who was tenderly near and whose faithfulness was our praise continually, that the cherub might soon lower so she could rest upon the bosom of her Lord for evermore.

Hours after hour we watched her spirit struggle to get free. Weaker and weaker she became until Thursday it was evident she was very near the river, when she peacefully, calmly and gloriously passed away at noon.

The precious night she whispered in my ear, "Do you think I will go tonight? You know."

I'm Not Afraid; I am Ready."

I thought how beautiful to know one is perfectly ready, but waiting and watching for His coming. Someone who may read these lines may think, "Oh, how I wish that I were so ready."

Dear one, you may, if you will come to the Saviour just as you are, without delay. Take up the cross and follow. I am sure if it were possible to have one's feet increased in the better land, our dear comrade's would be intensified if someone decided to take her place at the little's front and help carry forward the work which she loved so well.

A very impressive service was conducted at the house. A large number of husbands, soldiers and friends were present.

The writer gave out the song, "Shall we gather at the river?" after which prayer was offered by several. Especially remembered at the Throne of Grace were the beloved parents down in Ontario, whose hearts would be torn and bleeding. He who hath torn can heal. The Sergeant Major very touchingly referred to a visit which he made to our departed comrade, and how her cheerfulness was an inspiration to him. He very earnestly entreated those present to prepare to meet God.

Mrs. Major Jevon sang, "My beautiful home," and then spoke of the triumphant life and death of our comrade, after which Capt. Hinkley read a few verses. Graves were the beloved parents down in Ontario, whose hearts would be torn and bleeding. He who hath torn can heal. The Sergeant Major very touchingly referred to a visit which he made to our departed comrade, and how her cheerfulness was an inspiration to him. He very earnestly entreated those present to prepare to meet God.

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How those muffled hearse of the drum made us think of our end of death, and the grave. I believe that many purposed by God's help to live in the spirit of readiness henceforth.—Katie Jevon.





INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

The Melbourne Trade Staff has just had two Linotypes installed in the Press Room. A new Cottrell Press has also been purchased.

The preparations for the General's visit are well under way. He will have a tremendous reception.

Over two hundred young people from the Metropolitan Homes were entertained by Mrs Booth.

England.

The Chief-of-the-Staff visited Paris and decided some very weighty matters in connection with our French Field.

The Self-Denial Week for Britain is from March 11th to the 18th. This will be preceded by a Week of Prayer.

Many enthusiastic responses have been received in reference to the General's 20th Century proposals from all over the world.

Progress in the Insurance Department.

For instance:

Policy holders in '94, £400.

Policy holders in '98, 100,000.

Premiums in '94, £620.

Premiums in '98, £59,000.

The Department has 5,350 paid claims, amounting to £23,208.

A popular member of the London School Board has arranged with the Army to supply over 100 poor school children with a free breakfast every morning.

Commissioner Coombs has just visited Hammer Smith corps, after an absence of twenty years! He was Lieutenant there under the late John Allen, of Christian Mission fame.

United States.

The Commander is organizing the "Companions of the Cross," a band of Salvationists whose particular vows are to devote one-tenth of their income to the Lord during S.-D. Week, to raise a certain stated sum, and to induce others to join the League. They will wear distinct badges.

The Army in New York has received much praise for its Shelter work during the recent blizzard.

The Commander has been taken ill but it is now improving. The papers announced that he was very low.

The Red Crusade abates not. Ninety souls in New York on the Sunday of the blizzard.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker is billed to visit Wilkes-Barre and Newark.

Oswego, N. Y., is in the midst of a remarkable revival. Over 100 souls for the week.

Australasia.

The Commandant's Christmas celebrations were stupendous affairs. Over 600 children were entertained at the Christmas Tree, and 450 poor men and women received a grand dinner, and were also presented with groceries after. The hall was decorated in superb style. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth superintended the whole affair and were loudly cheered.

The Commandant arranged for and conducted some monster Camp Meetings at Manly. Two hundred and twenty came forward. A dear bandsman who came out and consecrated himself afresh was drowned next day.

Germany.

A second corps has been opened at Cologne.

Thirty prisoners were made at Berlin III. In two weeks. Another corps reported ten souls in one meeting, and souls are reported from other corps in the Capital.

Switzerland.

The mother of Colonel Cosandey peacefully died recently at Granges-Marnand, Switzerland. The Colonel was with her in her dying moments.



Phrom the Phar Away Philippine Pighthers.

Manila, P. I., Dec. 31, 1898.

We are having great victory over the devil here. Christmas was spent for God. Bro. Freeman, a recent convert, testified that this was the first Christmas for 20 years that he had spent sober. When asked to drink by some of his old companions, he said, "Let's get on our knees and ask God about it," and he did so with the result that proved the truth of the passage, "Resist the devil and he will flee." He has not been bothered since. We are getting stronger. The Major, with his little flock of soldiers, held meetings in various regiments in turn, and the Lord is saving souls. Praise His name!

"I had enlisted to fight the Spaniards, but now I am fighting the devil," said a comrade said the other day.

Bro. Scott, of Devil's Lake, N. D., is overjoyed this week because the Lord has answered his prayers in saving his brother; he also received a good Christmas present in the news of his father's conversion at home.

Pray that God will bless the work in the Philippine Islands.—Albert S. Lloyd.

From the Isle of Spices

Barracks Opened—Children Dedicated—Buddhist Christians—Soldiers Enrolled—Village Bank Opened—School Prize Given.

(By our Special Ceylon Correspondent.)

Major Prabhu D'na (Mapp) accompanied by the Headquarters Band and a few other officers, paid a visit, on the 5th instant, to Bambukkana, Kandy and Heneratoda, and the meetings that were held were very successful. Bambukkana was the first on the program. The party arrived by the morning express, and were met at the station by the Divisional Officer, Adj. Yeau Prankas. Across the station on the road were hundreds of old S. A. soldiers, old and young, who had come several miles all night and the previous day, to be present at the special meeting at the Belligodapitiya corps (near the Bambukkana railway station). They gave a warm and loud expression of welcome by discharging a few shots a sort of "feu de joie," after which, headed by the band, all marched to the Divisional Headquarters. The meeting began at eleven o'clock. After the usual preliminaries had been got through it began with the formal

Opening and Dedication

of the newly-built barracks. "Belligodapitiya is a good and historical corps of the Salvation Army in Ceylon," said the Major, and many were the experiences of different kinds that they have passed through. God has been helping them and giving them victory, and I am sure it must be a source of great cheer and encouragement to all to this day is the history of the corps when they can open and dedicate a barracks of their own. He (the Major) said he took this opportunity of thanking the Sergeant-Major, the Sergeants and other soldiers and friends who had helped with time, labor and money towards the erection of the barracks. He trusted that each one of them would

Be True and Faithful

and that they would be spared for many more years.

Here Sergeant-Major Petrus, on behalf of the other soldiers of the corps, came forward, and the Major addressing him personally, said, "I congratulate you upon this beautiful barracks that you have all managed to get together in this village. May God bless and use you and all the dear officers here in winning precious souls for Jesus, and in the name of God and the Salvation Army, I declare this hall open and dedicate it to Him and His service." Continuing the address, the Major said "May God's blessing rest upon the building, and may every effort that is put forth here for the salvation of precious souls be crowned with success." (Cheers and applause.) Following this,

ELEVEN CHILDREN were dedicated to God and the Army, the Major and audience praying while the ceremony was being performed.

EIGHT Buddhist converts had their names changed.

SIX soldiers were enrolled, and

EIGHT Junior and Senior Local Officers were commissioned. The presentation of the

"Self-Denial Flag"

to the Talampitiya corps was then made followed by the distribution of prizes to the school children of the nine S. A. schools that are there. Mr. William Pate kindly undertook this, and both the distributor and receivers were immensely delighted. The Bambukkana Salvation Army Bank was then declared open. There are thirty-three who have joined with a capital of £2,000. This is the first of its kind in the island, and would be a great help to the poor villagers who very often get into debt when money is scarce to supply their daily needs, to buy paddy, etc. At the close the children and adults were given a tea (served by themselves), which was abundantly served and which satisfied their hungry appetites. The party next visited Kandy, where a branch of the North and Military League is opened. Monday evening's down train brought the Major and party to Ragama Station, from where they visited the Heneratoda District Headquarters, which is at Kadawatha. The next day a special meeting was held at Bikanwilla, when prizes were distributed to the children of the Bikanwilla school and those of the Boarding and Famine Industrial Schools. After a happy day had been spent, the party returned to Colombo by Wednesday morning's train.

Major Martin had some inspiring meetings in Göteborg. Several souls came to God.

Stockholm has been honored by a visit from Commissioner Ouchterlony, that well-known veteran who laid the foundation of the Army work in Sweden, 18 years ago. She was accompanied and assisted by her old helper, Major Jennie Svenson, whose sweet songs and faithful work helped to a great extent to make the first years so victorious.

There is no way of gaining the crown of victory but by the cross. It may be the cross of suffering bodily, or mentally, or of loss of something from our money to our reputation.—R. C. Black.

writes a letter of thanks, and states how happy and contented they are.

L. W.—Well educated. Employed in Band of England. Father died leaving him £4,000. Result: Gay life, loss of position, reduced to beggary. Entered Elevation, paper-sorting. Transformed by the grace of God, filling an important position.—Social Gazette.

Choir Singers and their Pay.

Two New York women are the highest paid choir singers in the world; they receive respectively \$4,000 and \$3,000 a year. The men in the choir of Westminster Abbey receive salaries ranging from £400 to £500. The choir of the great Mormon temple at Salt Lake City is the largest in the world, numbering 350 trained voices.

THE WORLD'S WORSHIP OF THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

(See frontpiece.)

By SOPH.

The pronouncement that "North America—(Canada and the United States)—has over eighty millions of people mostly dollar-hunters" is possibly even nearer the truth than the well-known statement of the immortal Carlyle about England's population consisting of 30 million people "mostly fools."

There they bow down—the multitudes—nominally Christian, but in fact and truth, dollar-worshippers. The Ten Commandments? We keep them as far as it is policy, but break them when they become inconvenient. We take great credit for not having broken some of them, and say, "I will never steal," etc., ad lib, but about the rest of God's commandments which we have broken times without number, we think like the deacon who was found drunk in the street by his minister. "John," said the preacher, "this is a terrible disgrace to God and the church, after all these years of soberness and godliness!" "Aye, Mr. Parson," replied the thick-tongued deacon, "don't you think after 20 years of faithful service that the Lord will let a fellow have a day off?"

So we see it all around us—Christ painted, Christ preached, Christ sung about, but the Dollar worshipped. Christ receives one hour of divided attention

on Sunday, but the Dollar gets six days' full and unshared attention.

The Dollar unlocks nearly every door; the Dollar changes many a law; the Dollar receives homage from many a judge, and justice becomes blind to the oppressed. The Dollar demands and receives the most exacting worship. The affections are given and changed to the hardness of metal, the mind is trained in cold arithmetics and Love leaves the heart in which Conscience has been sacrificed to the Almighty Dollar.

His worshippers belong to all classes. The society woman sacrifices home and the happiness of her husband and children to the Dollar to enable her to follow fickle fashion in all her pranks. The stock-holder and the law-breaker kneel at the throne of money, with the distinction that the speculator generally steals wholesale and in conformity to civil law, while the burglar follows his vocation under cover of darkness and at the risk of life and liberty. If any distinction exists between these two, it is that the latter is the braver and less dishonest man of the two.

Mothers teach their children above everything to look after the dollar, to get as many as possible, and as early as possible, and education must all be on the line of making the child successful in gaining the greatest amount of money in the quickest and easiest way.

Politicians are frequently the greatest devotees of the Dollar. It buys votes, influence, office, and gives prestige. The generally accepted motto is: "First, the Dollar, and get it in the most decent way possible."

But, thank God, there are knaves that have not bowed to Baal. Thank Heaven, there are honest men left, whose first

desire is to do God's will. There are mothers who teach their children to love and serve for Love's sake, and educate them to become useful members of society. There are a few honest public men, whom gold cannot buy, and who consider their office a sacred charge. Yes, yes, there are business men whose delight is to be honest—not for policy's sake, but for conscience' sake. Alas, there are too few of them! They are the

Salt of the Earth.

without which humanity would decay and spoil. This sanctified minority preserves the diseased race from moral putrefaction. But what "if the salt have lost its savor?"

But is it wrong to earn money? No, of course not. It is not money that is at the root of evil, but **THE LOVE OF IT!** Let God be first, let Love and Truth actuate you, let charity do your thinking, and earn your money honestly, giving fair value in exchange. Money, like fire, is a good servant, but a fearful master.

If the gold is to be free from dross it must enter the refiner's fire; and the diamond cannot give forth its brilliancy unless it first is cut by the lapidary. Therefore, if we would shine as gold, we must not murmur to be put into the furnace. The furnace may be heated seven times, yet it is our Father's way to purge the dross of self and sin away, and to make His own image reflected in the gold already His. If we would keep down on the lowest round of the ladder of humility, which reaches to the Throne of God, we should, after all, have a far better chance of getting to the top; for mayhap the King will, ere long turn the ladder upside down, then those near at the bottom now will be nearest the top then! Oh, what a great upheaval that would be!—R. C. Black.

People I Have Met.

II.—THE FUSSY SECRETARY.

By STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS.

SECRETARY? Indeed he was, not only to the Army corps to which he belonged, but to half a dozen societies in the city. Fussy? I should say so. If you needed him on the platform, something would be sure to claim his attention at the door at the same moment, and you would have a knack of being almost everywhere at once, therefore you seldom knew where to find him.

He was of a highly nervous temperament, and had a most profound aversion for his own organizing powers. He had a deep conviction that nothing would succeed unless he had a hand in it. Altogether he was a busy man—a little too busy. To give him time, he was a clever fellow in many ways.

With the Societies above referred to, he was certainly a man of weight. In the corps it is hard to say just what he was. Occasionally he would put in extra full time for a few days, and would treat us to some fiery harangues—outdoors and in; then he would disappear for a day or two. Rush of work was always his explanation, though he questioned the right of anyone to ask the cause of his absence, and if touched on that point would go off like an alarm clock.

If the Major, or any Special came along, you could be sure that the Secretary would be at his elbow, giving him, as he thought, a few pointers. He always knew what songs would go with a swing, and what speakers would take hold best—in fact, what he didn't know about a meeting was not worth learning. Nevertheless,

He was a Useful Man

to have around. He knew every soldier's circumstances—spiritual and temporal—by heart, and had every detail of the corps at his finger ends. In fact, he was a veritable encyclopedia as far as the S. A. in that city was concerned.

The officers were always in half fear of him, as they never knew what he might do next. He has an uncomfortable habit of cropping in at the wrong moment, and never could see why he should be a soldier first and Secretary afterwards; then his undue familiarity with the officers had a bad effect on both corps and congregation; he had a free-and-easy way of referring to them as "Dave," "Dick," or "Harry," as the case may be, until we wondered at times of whom he was speaking.

But it was in a Sunday night's prayer meeting where he shone. If the Captain turned his back to fish, the Secretary would be on his feet in a moment, with, "Now boys, a little more faith, etc. One particular Sunday night comes forcibly to our mind, as we write. We had been honored with the General's presence all day. (Needless to say the Secretary was on hand also.) His weakness for assisting came out prominently during the day, but in the prayer meeting at night

The Climax was Reached!

The General walked down the hall to speak to some anxious soul. This was the Secretary's opportunity. In a moment he was on his feet, to lead on as usual. "Sing it again, comrades," said he, with a wave of his hand—and then something happened. The General had got back to the front, and fixing his eyes on our friend, in his own expressive way, said, "Fussy Secretary, do you ever pray?" The effect was magical! In a moment he was on his knees, praying as if he meant to burst his jugular vein. We don't know whether this cured him, but sincerely hope it did.

He was a living example of the old saying, "Those who are not willing to follow are not fit to lead." Follow he would not, and in trying to lead he made some terrible blunders. Looking at his character from all sides, in our humble opinion, he would have made a first rate Salvationist but for the fact that we got hold of him, or rather he "joined us" too late in life.

Moral.

Let us do our best for the young. In a few years we, or those coming after us, will reap the benefit of every hour's toil expended. The Jokers of to-day will be the Locals of the future, and the earlier they are taken hold of, the better Locals they will make. Therefore, let us make the most of our opportunities on this line.



THE COAT OF MANY COLORS.

(See page 6.)

"And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat."—Gen. xxxvii. 31-33.

At the Set of the Sun.

At the set of the sun,
When our work is done,
With all its tangled web;
When the clouds drift low,
And the stream runs slow,
And life is at its ebb;

As we near the goal
When the golden bowl
Shall be broken at its fount;
With what sweetest thought
Shall the hour be fraught,
What precious most shall we count?

Nor the flame of the sword,
Nor the wealth we have stored
In perishable things of earth—
Nor the way we have trod
With the intellect broad,
Though that were of precious worth;

Nor the gain we achieved
Through the hearts we have grieved,
And left unhelped by the way;
Nor the laurel of fame,
Nor the crown of acclaim,
We toiled in the heat and the fray.

Ah, no! 'tis not these,
With their warm hearts ease,
When life sinks low in the west,
But the passing sweet thought
Of the good we have wrought,
The saddened lives we have blest.

And the love we have won,
And the love becoming on
From His islands far and dim;
Love out of the light,
Shining into the darkness,
The night which leadeth to Him.

Don't Stop to Parley.

The Result of Asking Satan's Opinion Regarding the Wearing of Army Uniform.

SATAN: What! Going to wear your Army uniform on your visit home?

S. A. SOLDIER: I was just thinking whether it would be advisable or not.

SATAN: Of course, it would not; you would attract too much attention.

S. A. S.: Well, you know, it is worn for the purpose of attracting notice. SAT: Oh, of course, it is all right to wear it Sundays at the barracks, but on the cars, never! People would poke fun at you.

S. A. S.: Well, perhaps it will be better to wear no uniform only.

SATAN: Even if you do that people will be staring at you. Now, if you were an officer it would be just the thing, but you are only a soldier.

S. A. S.: Is it not as much the duty of a soldier to show his colors as it is for an officer?

SATAN: No! You know you have not been converted long, and therefore you are not very sure of the Bible, and your red gurnsey is sure to attract some well-posted unbeliever who would be very glad to make a show of you.

S. A. S.: Yes, that is so! Well, I can take it along and wear it when I get to my destination.

SATAN: No use in that either. There is no Army where you are going, and the people are not used to such things. They would only call you a crank or fanatic.

S. A. S.: Yes, true again! I believe I shall only wear my badge.

SATAN: But the badge is quite large and everybody would take you for a detective. Why not be contented to dress and worship God as others do and not attract undue attention to yourself?

S. A. S.: Yes, but if I do as you suggest, I shall be compelled to put on a dress shirt, and I fear I will feel awkward in it.

SATAN: Oh, you will soon become used to it. Don't you remember that when you left home, you wore a white shirt and a standing collar?

S. A. S.: I am afraid I would not have much liberty in speaking to people about their souls.

SATAN: Well, man, take a rest for a while; you are going on a visit. Besides, you have been very faithful in the corps for quite a while, and if you rest up you will be that much fresher when you return.

S. A. S.: Yes, there is a great amount of truth in what you say, and I shall follow your advice.

(So he goes on his journey sans uniform, sans gurnsey, sans badge, and, worst of all, sans God's blessing.)

J—S—



WEEKLY WATCHWORD: "Freed!"

Daily Tonic.

He is a free man whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That fetters fies confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.

"Freedom is more than life; and God's freedom for the soul is the only true life of man."

SUNDAY.

Breaking Fetters the Mission of the Messiah.—Is. lxi. 1.

All prophecy foretold that liberty was to be one of the strongest characteristics of the new dispensation. Christ's coming to earth heralded the reign of freedom for all men. The preaching of the Gospel sealed slavery's doom. The more like Christ men became, the more slavery decreased. Christ's love could not be held in the heart and slavery be countenanced by the conscience. Men were slow to learn this lesson which Christ came to teach, but in time they did learn it, and to-day slavery, in the strict sense of the word, is unknown in Christian lands. Thank God for freedom! God hastes the day when we shall, as individuals and as nations, cease to permit the slaveries of wrong and oppression to have dominion over the world which might go free.

MONDAY.

Liberty the Birthright of Every Child of God.—Rom. viii. 21.

But there is a deeper and even more blessed meaning of the beautiful word "liberty"—a meaning which God wants to practically reveal to every child of His love. Christ came not only to break the bonds of legal slavery, but to set loose the spiritual captives, and to set him loose completely. Sin leads captive the sinner, but should have no ownership over the sinner. Freedom from the influence and power of sin is the birthright of the soul that is born of God. What a pity that thousands have lived and died beneath their privileges, and while chaining under and hating the yoke of sin's chains, have not sought and obtained the power to throw it off and live free!

TUESDAY.

How Freedom is Obtained.—Ps. cxix. 45.

There is only one way into perfect freedom, and that is through the door of obedience. There can be no sense of "liberty" in conscience, thought or life, if God's will is not accepted and His commands carried out. To live, think and act as God would have us, is to be free from sin and alive to righteousness. The closer we conform to His wishes, the more abundant will be our liberty.

WEDNESDAY.

Liberty the Evidence of the Presence of the Holy Ghost.—II. Cor. iii. 17.

It is in this beautiful way that the presence and inspiration of the Holy Ghost is manifested. When things are constrained, hearts disheartened, testimony scarce, and addresses lacking the force of freedom, we may be pretty certain that the Divine presence does not fill every soul. We all covet liberty—liberty for the speaker, the listener, the singer, the pleader. We can only seek it effectually in one way, and that is by seeking and securing the presence of the Holy Ghost. Where the Pentecostal flame descends there is no need to discuss liberty—liberty is THERE—gloriously present with heart and crowd. God give us more such!

THURSDAY.

Liberty's Law.—James ii. 12.

Liberty is a law. Its claims are binding and its responsibilities are heavier than the most rigorous restrictions of slavery. The freer a man is the more he must give account for. One of the laws of liberty is that we take care of ourselves. While it is true that God's preservation is over us and His protection at our disposal, yet He has made us so free that it lies within

range of our own will whether we will be kept or no. We cannot run into dangerous proximity to sin and then when overtaken by it, declare it to be not our fault. Our freedom has laid upon us tremendous responsibility. God only keeps us so far as we are willing to be kept.

FRIDAY.

Hold on to Your Freedom.—Gal. v. 1.

Our freedom may be lost—and lost forever. For this reason let us value its priceless worth. Count it the pearl it is and lose all else rather than this. That it is awfully possible to become again entangled in the bondage of sin, we see only too many evidences of. Let us stand fast.

SATURDAY.

Don't Presume on Your Freedom.—I. Cor. viii. 9.

Liberty is not license. We are free to do all and be all that is right, but there is no freedom given by God which gives permission to anything that is wrong or even doubtful. Let us take care lest our professed liberty be not a stumbling-block to anyone else. Let us once ever say of us, "Well, Satan does it, and they profess to be free from sin," and by our bad example copy inconsistency.

Our Weekly Bible Lesson.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

Genesis xxxvii. 28-36.

When Joseph, the favorite, was 17 years of age the jealousy of his brethren reached a climax. The sight of the boy whom their father loved with such a special affection became unbearable to their envious eyes. They resolved to get him out of the way.

Although they seemed to have cared sufficiently about their father to envy the love which he showed their younger brother, they did not seem to have cared enough for his feelings to have considered the sorrow which their seizing of Joseph would bring upon his grey head. They were blind and deaf to such merciful impulses. Jealousy always is blind and deaf—its one and only aim is to gratify its cruel self.

They had not long to wait for an opportunity to put into execution their cruel plan to put away their brother. Chances of doing evil surround the man who harbors thoughts of evil. Those who give the rein to any evil passion, and especially to such an all-consuming one as that of jealousy, find that facilities are not wanting to put that poisonous passion into wicked practice.

Many a man who has hurtled some suggestion from hell, which his soul's safety lay in refusing, has been surprised to find how easy was the next step—how close at hand the means for satisfying the dreadful craving of a thought of sin. It is but a short step, and a swift one, that lies between thought and ac-

tion. Beware of retreating for one minute on an evasive reflection.

The brothers did their worst—but beyond a certain limit their evil could not go. For God had plans for the future of the hated youth and had placed the hedge of His protection so around him that no personal harm could befall the object of their hatred and cruel design. The suggestion to "kill the dreamer" was not carried out, and though they lowered him into a pit in which to remain would have meant starvation and death, Joseph was yet within reach of deliverance.

The appearance of the band of Mil-ites on the scene gave the brethren a new idea. It seemed to them that fortune favored them. Without staining their hands with an actual murder, from which a superstitions horror and a fear of the consequences of their sin made them shrink, they had now an excellent chance of disposing of Joseph once and for all. Little did they dream as they sold him for those twenty silver pieces, that they were forging the first link in the chain of events which should culminate in giving to Joseph great wealth and power, and ability to favor or crush their own properties. Yet so it was.

Evilous plans have little power to hurt the one against whom they are directed. They do far more harm to the evildoer himself. Many a jealous arrow has, at the rebound, inflicted a far deeper wound in the hand that sent it than in the heart for which it was intended.



THE TERRITORIAL TROUBADOUR AT BARRIE.

By ENSIGN ANDREWS.

IT is over two years since I had the privilege of enjoying a meeting conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Margreth, and when I last visited Barrie for Saturday and Sunday, I made up my mind that I would be there also.

Adj. Cameron was believing for a time of blessing and power and his faith was rewarded. The Lieut.-Colonel arrived on the 7:40 train from Toronto, and in a short time was right at home among the Barrie braves. Although it was very frosty a very nice crowd of appreciative people, and The Sunday night meeting was a sort of a God-bless-you, how-are-you? glad-to-see-you sort of time. A solo by the Lieut.-Colonel, "Hallelujah, the standard," caught on quickly, and his home-like talk was much enjoyed by all.

Owing to the very cold weather we had not a large attendance at kneecrill, but a very nice crowd came for the hall-nice meeting. The Lieut.-Colonel was getting hold of his audience in good style when

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

went the fire bell just across the street. Many looked as if they would like to go, however the Lieut.-Colonel proved himself master of the situation, and a very few left the meeting.

A good conversation followed for the afternoon meeting. After the preliminary exercises, Adj. Cameron introduced the Lieut.-Colonel in a most charming fashion, informing him of all he expected him to do. Of course,

A Solo

was the first on the program. Some testimonies from some of the comrades and the Lieut.-Colonel on his first again with Bible in hand. "It is well with the righteous," was the text of his address, and as he described the joys of salvation in life, in death, and in eternity, many were brought to see the need of not doing right. The meeting was brought to a close, and the Juniors' turn came next. They reckoned it was the first of the season to have the Lieut.-Colonel talk to them for a few minutes.

By half-past seven a good crowd had assembled. Never in all my experience did I hear Lieut.-Col. Margreth speak with greater power and authority. People were deeply convicted all over the building. The devil put up a stiff fight, but after a well-thought prayer meeting

Two Souls

cried to God for mercy (mother and son). This visit was an encouragement and inspiration to officers and soldiers of Barrie. Adj. Cameron has resolved that souls must be saved, and that the corps must make progress all round.

What the North- Wester Whispers.

Major McMillan and Adjutant Cass
Through North Dakota.

A Q. AND A MEETING.

HILLSBORO.—It was dreadfully cold at this place and could hardly be expected the first night, but to our surprise the hall was full of people when we returned from the march. A good meeting we did have but no one would stay in the meeting hall on the place. LAUREL.—Capt. Jarvis and Lieut. Clark are here. They have a hard fight and the Captain is far from strong, but God is helping them. A cake and coffee stand was billed for the first night. It was a success. The second night was a holiness meeting with a good attendance, powerful influence of the Spirit of God, and one soul.

GRAND FORKS.—Saturday, Sunday and Monday we had very cold weather, which was against us having big crowds. On Saturday night the Major had a question and answer meeting. The first

called was the Sergt.-Major, and started as follows:

MAJOR McMILLAN: You are the Sergt.-Major?
SERGT.-MAJOR: Yes.
MAJOR: Previous to your conversion were you a good man?
S.-M.: Very bad man.
MAJOR: Were you a drunkard?
S.-M.: Under drink and the devil's control.

MAJOR: Felt good, I suppose, when drunk?

S.-M.: Anything but good.

MAJOR: When you went staggering around, you felt a big man?

S.-M.: I was a (laughter.)

MAJOR: Are you married?

S.-M.: Oh, no! (laughter and applause.)

MAJOR: Have you been in jail?

S.-M.: No.

MAJOR: Ought to have been. (laughter.) Have you been a backslider?

S.-M.: One year.

MAJOR: Could you cut up in meetings, as many backsliders do? Tell us how you felt.

S.-M.: I tell his experience as a backslider with good effect.

MAJOR: Do you see any backsliders here?

S.-M.: An odd one.

MAJOR: Do you pray for them?

S.-M.: Yes.

MAJOR: Are you sanctified?

S.-M.: Yes. (Sits down.)

MAJOR: Capt. Charlton, what was your honest answer?

CAPT. C. (Hesitation.)

MAJOR: Pride, I guess?

CAPT. A. Little.

MAJOR: You did not think, did you?

C. N. Yes.

MAJOR: Do you think pride as bad among women as drink among men?

C. O. Oh, yes. (Sits down.)

MAJOR: Dr. Church, are you converted to-night?

DR. CHURCH: Yes.

MAJOR: Some time just you were not converted?

DR. C. C. No, and everybody knew it.

MAJOR: You were a faithful servant for the devil?

DR. C. Sometimes, when under his spirit.

MAJOR: Ever been in a blind pig?

DR. C. Kept one once.

MAJOR: Tell us about your pig.

(Dr. Church tells how men told him his was a real good blind sow, and kept her 11 months, made \$10.00 in gold out of her; but it all went.)

MAJOR: You seem a straight-forward man.

DR. C. C. Yes, but drink was my besetment.

MAJOR: Don't you think those who sell drink take the price of blood?

DR. C. C. All men, who are engaged in the business, know that.

MAJOR: Do you see anyone here who attended your blind pig?

DR. C. C. Oh, no. (laughter.) My pig was not here, mine was in town A—

and was a real good pig, old, a very fine pig—a drug store!

MAJOR: Were you always that way?

DR. C. C. Oh, no! Had been brought up by good, devoted, Christian parents.

I attended church, went to Sunday School. (Gave a short, touching experience here.)

The Dr. Sergeant came in for a share of questioning, and was amusing and interesting, and everyone felt it had been a profitable meeting.

The meetings in Grand Forks on Saturday were good, especially the convocation service in the morning. One backslider returned to the fold at night.

Monday again we had three meetings, including the half-night of prayer, which was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Twelve Souls.

Came forward, and oh! how we danced, sang, and shouted to the glory of God. We had some of our comrades from East Grand Forks to the meeting, and they felt quite at home, enjoying and taking part in the meeting. Among the number were Capt. W. Wheeler and Lieut. Wheeler, who sang a duet, Lieut. Joy and Sister Wansan, from Crookston, and Bro. Ambrose Hill spoke in power and was a blessing to all who heard.

GRAPTON.—Major could not be present at this place, so your humble servant had to go alone. We had a fine meeting considering the dreadfully cold state of the hall. There was a good crowd, and the people gave good attention to an address about the Social Work of the Army. Capt. Charlton and Lieut. Myers, doing a good work. They have moved their quarters into the upstairs of the hall, and effected a saving of \$10 per month on the rent. This winds up our tour in North Dakota.



News Sad and Glad

From the Women's Social Department.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

OUR first note is one of deep sympathy with the relatives and friends of Lieut. Tessie Glass, who was promoted to heaven from Portage la Prairie some months ago, and though watched over lovingly by her two sisters, Mrs. Garvin and Miss Glass, she continued to droop and went home after having patiently borne her intense suffering, triumphant, in the grace which to the end was sufficient.

Our Rescue Work sustains a loss, as she was a faithful Social Officer. Who will step into the gap? Our prayers are with the sorrowing bereaved ones.

Changes.

There are a few important changes in the Women's Social Department.

MAJOR: I have waited a moment of faithful, devoted service in charge of Helena Rescue Home, farewells on the 12th. The very warmest and heartiest good wishes of the Women's Social Staff follow her into her new sphere of work. We are sorry to lose the Adjutant, but our loss will be gain to others. The War Cry will explain later on.

Ensign Beekstead has been resting for three months, and on account of her health the doctors have ordered her not to return to Halifax on account of its close proximity to the sea. The Ensign, therefore, who is much benefitted by her foreign, takes charge of Helena. The Ensign's previous experience in the West will help her, and we prophesy much success for Helena under her supervision.

Adj. Holman has for three years successfully piloted the Rescue Home Ship in Montreal. When Adj. Jordan was obliged to leave Toronto a few weeks ago, to go home on account of her mother's illness, Adj. Holman was appointed by the Commissioner to take charge of Toronto Industrial Rescue Home.

Capt. Lowry, for a long time second in command in Montreal, succeeds Adj. Holman in the oversight of that Home. Adj. Jordan follows Ensign Beekstead to Halifax.

Capt. Crooker, in charge of the Women's Shelter, Toronto, takes charge of the new Women's Home, Montreal, and Capt. Duck occupies a similar position in the Queen City.

We heartily welcome Ensign Moss, of Newfoundland, to assist Adj. Holman in the Toronto Rescue Home. May the Lord prosper all these changes.

Coaticook.

During my visit in East Ontario Province I was pleased to spend a night in Coaticook. We had a nice crowd in the lecture room of the Methodist Church, and a real good meeting. Mr. Marsden, Principal of the Academy, kindly presided at the meeting of the pastor through illness. Adj. Jordan gave her experience, and I am sure she was very helpful to all present. Much interest was expressed by those present in the Army's Social Work.

The League of Mercy.

is continually gaining ground and being blessed in its operations throughout the Territories. I was much impressed with its opportunities in the City of Montreal. A most satisfactory report of the work being accomplished was given by Sergt.-Major Mr. Sturges, who was simply delighted with the meeting. I had the privilege of conducting at Lounge Point. The old people there are in love with

the League meetings and the officials were cordially itself. There is one clear aged man of ninety-seven summers who takes special delight in the War Cry. Bless them!

Adj. Barnes has conducted his first meeting in the Kingston Penitentiary and enjoyed it immensely," he writes. We are continually hearing of individual cases that have been permanently reclaimed and restored through our League's efforts in Kingston.

In Toronto the work goes forward unflaggingly. Though Major Stewart has been in Montreal, the faithful workers here never retard their efforts.

Ensign Burgess was a wonderful victory in the Central Prison the other Sunday, when thirty men stood to their feet signifying their intention of from that time serving God. This is unprecedented in the history of our Prison Work in Toronto. Following the splendid evidence of the Spirit's operation in the Mercer on New Year's Day—when thirteen women publicly came to the penitentiary—feel it promises much for the future.

We need workers and money for our League, and our opportunities are unlimited.

Capt. Kerr, in charge of the League in Hamilton, writes hopefully, and one of the members sends the following note to one of the many who have been helped:

"For some time I have felt that I would like to say something about our League of Mercy work in Hamilton. There have been several cases of conversion, and in visiting the hospital I am very much encouraged. Of course, I have to listen to many different stories. Some are very sad, it makes me feel that there is no time to be idle. I visited a man in one of the beds when only there a few days, and he seemed very indifferent about my talking to him. Often he would not even accept a War Cry, but still I visited him again, speaking after his health and so won his confidence that he began telling me his home troubles and how, through his sinful life, he had lost his health. I told him of a loving Saviour who was so willing to forgive all his sins, even the vilest sinner might come to Him. But with a laugh and a shake of the head he said, 'There's no hope for me. I'm a lost soul.' Telling him that was no answer for him, and asking him to do the same I left him. After the space of two weeks I visited the hospital again, and this time I was successful. I asked him how he was. Looking at me he whispered, for he was getting very weak, 'I did as you told me. I asked God to forgive me, and He has taken me in. I'm resting.' The next day he was away. A few days after he passed away telling me he was happy in Jesus. I feel God is blessing my work and I am encouraged to go on—A. L. of M. Sister."

From the far-away Klondike I have received letters from several of the brave comrades toiling there.

Among many items of news, not the least interesting is that which speaks of their work in the prison in Dawson City. The officer who tells me of this describes pathetically the death of an actress by her own hand, also saying that at the time of her death she was nearly four men under sentence of death in jail. The Salvationists lead services in the jail every second Sunday.

We greet you, dear comrades, by proxy, in our League of Mercy land, and away across the river, prairie and Mountain Pass we send our greetings, and wish you God speed in this and every effort for the salvation of souls in the Arctic gold regions.

"Do you wish to be great? Then begin by being little. Do you desire to construct a vast and lofty fabric? Think first about the foundation of humility. The higher your structure is to be, the deeper must be its foundation. Modest humility is beauty's crown."—St. Augustine.

GAZETTE.

The Field Commissioner's Tour

With Lieut.-Col. Margetta
at Riverside.

Promotion—

Cadet Putnam, of Helena Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

Appointments—

Lieutenant Meyers to be Captain and appointed to Devil's Lake as second in command.

Lieutenant Russell to be Captain at Hamilton II.

Lieutenant Penneck to be Captain at Lindsay.

Lieutenant Cornish to be Captain at Kilmount.

Lieutenant Bloss to be Captain at West Toronto.

Cadet Johnson, Winnipeg Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant at Ottawa Rescue Home.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

Last Newfoundland Wire.

Enormous crowds Sunday meetings. Commissioner excellent spirits. Audiences spellbound. Overflow meetings were held.

FIFTY ONE SOULS FOR DAY.

"Rags" exceeded everybody's expectations; hundreds turned away in spite of an admission of ten and twenty cents. One gentleman offered to pay expenses if Commissioner returns to repeat lecture. I would guarantee to fill hall at an admission of forty and fifty cents. Party sailed for Canada Tuesday.

BRIGADIER SHARP.

From the Chief Secretary.

North Sydney, C.B., Feb 17.

St Johns campaign unprecedented, it was a whirlwind of salvation, floods of blessing. The British Hall was crowded five times in succession. Mighty onslaught on enemy on Sunday, resulting in fifty seven souls for salvation. Monday night obliged to close doors one hour before meeting commenced, despite the fact that many offered fifty cents for standing room. Hall was so packed that we almost despaired of getting the Commissioner to the platform. Rev. Robertson presided and spoke in excellent terms of the Army's widespread work of eternal worth. Most representative citizens were present, including Sir Robert and Lady Thorburn, Judge Morrison, the Colonial Secretary, Principals the W.C.T.U. and many others. The aisles being so packed made it extremely difficult to hold attention of people, but Commissioner gave every evidence of throwing herself with a desperate faith upon the power of God, and her address reached a degree of enthusiasm and impassioned earnestness above any previous effort that we have been privileged to witness. The lecture surpassed highest expectations of all. Marvelous attention prevailed throughout. Farewell was touching, many tears flowed, while the whole crowd sang "God be with you till we meet again." There was much public persuasion for the Commissioner to return. We had the coldest and severest weather known for years. There is no question but that Newfoundland officers and soldiers know how to fight; they are with the flag for God and souls.

Later.—We experienced blasts and a blizzard at sea, it was a terrific gale, and Commissioner suffered acutely for fifty hours. We are however grateful to God for a safe landing.

COLONEL JACOBS.

LATEST WIRE.

Campbellton, N.B., Feb. 21.

The Commissioner, assisted by Colonel Jacobs, conducted glorious meetings at Springhill Mines and Newcastle. At the first place the Presbyterian Church was packed in the afternoon, and at night the Barracks was completely gorged. The Commissioner was marvellously upheld. NINE SOULS. At Newcastle the Masonic Hall was packed; people delighted. Commissioner left by midnight train. Town band at station played selections and shouted cheers for the Commissioner. God speed our Leader.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Siege Hall-Night of Prayer at the Temple.

(Special.)

Half-night of prayer last Friday night at the Temple a distinct success. Brig-

adier Gaskin with Major Hargrave and city officers in command. A really excellent crowd full of expectation and faith. Divine truth poured out with mighty effect. Barriers broken, backsliding confessed, vows renewed. 21 seekers for salvation and holiness. Siege progressing.



A Fascinating Review.

So far only meagre news has reached us, outside of press reports, of the Commissioner's meetings in the East, but from the letters that have reached T. H. Q., and the wires from time to time printed in the War Cry, the tour has been a marvelous record of the unflinching attraction of the Gospel, when preached in purity, and of our methods. The Commissioner will personally write up a sketch of the tour, and while our readers need not be reminded of the ability of our beloved leader to give a fascinating account, yet we can promise an exceptionally interesting contribution, judging from the numerous notable incidents which took place, varying through all shades of pathos and humor.

The General Secretary and Staff at the Girls' Refuge, Toronto.

The inmates of the Girls' Refuge, Toronto, much enjoyed the visit of Brigadier Complin, and the officers who accompanied him, on Friday evening last. Officials cordial. The Superintendent said, "The evening is yours." The girls were delighted with the musical program rendered, and will watch eagerly for another visit. This meeting was instead of the ordinary monthly League of Mercy meeting, and was appreciated deeply. —Brigadier Blanche Read.

The Central Provincial Officers' Siege Special.

OSHAWA. Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin visited this corps Saturday, Sunday and Monday. We had nice crowds, good marches, although the thermometer registered well below zero. The meetings were times of blessing and inspiration. Sunday morning one backslider returned to the Saviour, and one brother sought the blessing of a clean heart. At night, owing to the intense cold, the crowd was small. One more soul sought mercy and many others were under conviction. Monday night we had a real good time, good crowd and good collection.

BOWMANVILLE. This corps is rising. God is pouring out His Spirit upon the soldiers and the people. Brigadier Gaskin was here on Tuesday night. In the afternoon the Brigadier held a Junior Soldiers' meeting at 4.30. 70 children present and a most profitable and enjoyable time was spent. The Senior meeting was a distinct success, the Junior hall being full, and although no one yielded to the Saviour there was much deep conviction.

About fifteen of Headquarters' Staff sailed forth to Riverside corps to take part in a day's battle for souls, Sunday, Feb. 19th, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Margetta. Nearly all were on time, and everybody looked cheerful.

After a reviving march, with band playing and singing, we returned to the barracks. The holiness meeting opened with the old-fashioned hymn, "Jesus keep me near the cross." Ensign and Mrs. Attwell and Adj. Adams told how they had received perfect deliverance and peace through embracing the cross of Christ. Brigadier Complin said that as the sunbeams drawing up the water from the ocean, and making it into beautiful, white, fleecy clouds, so the melting influence of the Holy Spirit could melt our heart's affections out after Him, if we would only submit ourselves to that drawing power.

The Lieut.-Colonel spoke from Ephesians v. 26-27, showing very plainly that it is our privilege to be without spot and blemish. The meeting was brought to a close by all joining hands and consecrating ourselves afresh to God.

The afternoon meeting was a soul-riveting time, with plenty of old-time singing and some good music from the string quartette. The people appeared very good natured and sent up a shower of coppers to make the collection. A certain amount. Brigadier Complin read a few verses from St. Matthew, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," etc. The Lord seemed to give the Colonel special liberty of night as he spoke from the text, "What I desire, O man, thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God." The hall was nicely filled, and the people seemed to be riveted by the truth, as he told of the startling incidents of a number who had come to grief by being asleep in their sins.

We went into the prayer meeting full of hope, and God rewarded our faith. Two very precious souls were added to the list. One brother, told how he had disobeyed God by leaving his post in the S. A. and going down to Turkish (the church), and soon after that became an army backslider.

We had a hallelujah wind-up, with music and dancing, over the prodigal's return. Brigadier Complin sang one of his favorite songs by request: "Ha, ha, he's wearing to wear a crown."—J. R. W.

Rocky Mountain Nuggets.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

Since the New Year we have had a number of changes, among which are the following: Adj. and Mrs. Ayre, to East Montana District; Adj. Miller, to B. C. District; Adj. Woodruff, on rest; Ensign and Mrs. Alward, Helena District; Capt. Burton has been promoted to the rank of Ensign, and takes charge of Great Falls corps. Capt. Southall and Lieut. Galt take charge of Bozeman; Capt. Myers, to Shoshone District; Capt. Bailey, to Missoula; Capt. Ziebarth and Lieutenant, to Kallispell; Capt. Fisher to Revelstoke; Capt. Gooding, to Victoria as 2nd; Capt. Bonetto, resting; Captain Arnold returns to office.

Ere these notes are read one more opening will be added to our Division. This time Belt, Montana, is the place favored. Capt. Hagen has been appointed to the opening attack.

Adj. Hay has succeeded in securing another barracks and quarters, which may mean a great deal for our work in Butte. The location is more central and away from the confines of a cellar.

Trall has sent in their first Candidate's Application for the field. Ensign Alward reports a good start at Helena. Ensign Stephens is hard up with tonsillitis. The P. O. is visiting East Montana District about the middle of February.

For the past two weeks the following souls have been reported: Spokane 9, Lewistown 8, Trail 6, Helena 6, Rossland 4, Sheridan 3, Revelstoke, Victoria, Missoula and Nelson 2 each. Vancouver, Nanaimo, Whatcom, Vernon, Kamloops and Livingston one soul each.

Adj. Dodd has made quite a change at the Haven since taking command. The wood yard is in full blast and is paying well. The dining-room has been kalsomined and painted, also divided into two parts, one of the same is being used as a reading-room. Weekly meetings have been started also. Capt. and Mrs. Lacey have come to assist the Adjutant.

From present indications every officer is in for making the Siege a most effective campaign. Many of the officers have expressed themselves as to their determination to get the targets allotted to them.

Mixtures

From the General Secretary's Dept.

THE work of organizing the Junior Work of the East is proceeding merrily under the diligent direction of Brigadier Pugmire. The latest list to hand in the O. S. department contains the names of the following applicants to the honorable position of Sergt.-Major:

Maggie Roach, Sussex.
Ellen Vikers, Sydney Mines.
Bro. Hargraves, St. John, N. B.
Mrs. Catherwood, Fairville.
Mrs. J. McPherson, Glace Bay.
Mrs. Cramm, St. John II.
Maud Chandler, St. John III.
Amy Harding, Yermont.
Miss Sinclair, Glasgow.
Alfred Haguel, Sydney.
Chas. James, Moncton.
Geo. Stewart, St. Stephen.

Major Millsaps, of 2 Calle Santa Elena, Manila, Philippine Islands, has opened a reading room for soldiers in Manila and will be glad to receive any Army publications you will forward to him.

You get things done very smartly when you are organized, says Brigadier Bennett. For instance, a letter in reference to Manuals written from his Province on January 14th, had this P. S.: "You will be pleased to learn that all the Manuals are paid for at T. H. Q. for this Province.—H. R." There you have his character—right up to time with every business transaction. God bless the Brigadier.

Every child of the Children's Field that has been gained must be maintained and advanced upon. The little lambs which we have been enabled to gather into the fold must be tenderly cared for and watched over with unremitting diligence lest any should stray from the flock. Let it be the untiring ambition of every Junior worker to make valiant efforts for the Cross and the Colors out of every little one under their control.

The Salvation Army has Social Institutions for the benefit of hungry and homeless men in the following places: Halifax, N. S., St. Johns, Nfld., Spokane, Wash., Winnipeg, Man., Vancouver, B. C., Victoria, B. C., Toronto, Ont., Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Montreal, P. Q., and Quebec, P. Q.

A good work of feeding the hungry and sheltering the homeless is being done in all these places, and what was being done in the following places: dinners and washing up the crockery; the officers and their helpers are kept pretty well going; nevertheless, in common with the rest of the Field, they welcome the Siege and have started in to do their share of the same with a good heart.

Will officers and soldiers please note that it is quite beyond the Commissioner's ability to respond to the numerous appeals for contributions towards local objects. While the Commissioner fully appreciates the enterprise manifested in these applications, and on various occasions has responded, it has now become necessary to discontinue, and to make this request in order to avoid making distinctions. J. C.

PORT HOPE.—Bid farewell to Capt. Hill and Lieut. Bacon. Also welcomed to our midst Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn. God bless them! Sunday, good meetings all day; good crowds. As we have just entered upon the first week of our Siege, we are going in to do our best for God and souls.—Yours helping, Annie.

My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.

Wednesday, Jan. 25th.

I WAS rather reluctant to leave Naples. I should have liked to have known more about that ancient City and its people. There was no time, however. Duty called, and about 9:30 we obeyed. We had a fine view of Vesuvius as we crossed the Bay in the old, panting Launch that took us to the Steamer. The liquid fire was running down the sides of the mountain, and we could see the glimmer of the lights that were burning in the little town situated at its base. What a place to live in! We shuddered at the thought of what any night might bring forth to its sleeping inhabitants.

I was told that many of the Neapolitans live in constant terror of the Volcano. They fear that some terrible Earthquake, or the anticipated bursting forth of the subterranean fires, which evidently are underneath and all about, may bring them to sudden destruction. But their fears do not lead them to make any preparations for any such dreadful doom. In this they are neither worse nor better than the inhabitants of other great Cities of the world, simply resembling the men and women who lived before the flood, of whom we read: "They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the Ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all!"

We found the "Prinz Regent Luitpold," so far as we could judge, a downright, substantial, comfortable vessel, fitted up with most of the comforts and luxuries of modern times; and a little before midnight we settled down to our first night's sleep in what is to be our home for the next thirty days, or thereabouts.

Thursday, 26th.

Our fellow-passengers are a very mixed multitude, so far as nationalities go. I suppose half of them are "made in Germany," a goodly few are British, and amongst the remainder are representatives from pretty well every other part of the world. The gentleman sitting at our table, I think, a Mining Speculator, who has prospered at most of the existing Gold Mining Centres. He is just from Johannesburg, of the future of which he entertains a poor opinion, owing to the continued conflicts with the authorities. He now on his way to Westralia to try his fortune there.

On my first turn on the deck, the first to hail me is the Hon. Mr. Read, a leader of the political world of Melbourne, who introduced me to another fellow-passenger, Sir Albert Rolitt, M.P. for Islington. From Sir Albert I passed on, as by a sort of natural consequence, to his lady, the Dowager-Duchess of Sutherland. I found her Ladyship much interested in the Army, and after expressing the hope that I was going to get some real rest and quiet for once, she proceeded with stange inconsistency, to press me to give them a meeting in the Saloon that same evening. I assented on condition that the Captain was agreeable. "Oh," said her Ladyship, "I will try to find him. Any way we went to find him, obtained his consent, and when Commissioner Pollard said something about the shortness of time for making the meeting known, "Oh," said her Ladyship, "that will easily be done! I will take one side of the deck

and you the other, and we will soon make every passenger know all about it."

The meeting has gone off very well. The Second and Third Class passengers were not allowed to attend, and I did not see any of the Stewards present, who generally crowd the passages and are frequently amongst my most attentive listeners. However, we had a fair audience of Saloon Passengers, who were most attentive. Sir Alfred Rolitt presided, and introduced me with a few appropriate and well-chosen words, and the Hon. Mr. Read gave expression to the thanks of the passengers at the close. I think the gathering was decidedly a profitable one, and that some peculiarly satisfying truth was lodged in the hearts of those who listened.

Friday, 27th.

My comrades report that at the discussion that followed my Speech last night in the Smoke Room, there was an unanimous expression of approval.

Up till noon to-day the weather has been delightful and the sky wonderfully bright and clear for the time of the year. Yesterday afternoon we had a wonderful sight of Mount Etna. We must have been nearly forty miles away, and yet the cone of the mountain was distinctly visible, and the dense volumes of black, angry smoke ascending far up into the sky. Thus we had sighted two Volcanoes in less than twenty-four hours.

All the morning the Sea seems to have been agitating for a storm. The "white horses" have gradually grown more and more numerous, and just after the crowd had partaken, with sparkling humor, of the noonday meal, the movement of the waters became sufficiently serious to send almost everybody to their cabins and into their berths, where they lie powerless at the present moment. Two of my comrades are in this helpless condition, and all the work they had planned out for this side of Port Said will, I fear, have to wait.

Colonel Lawley is the envy of us all, and a "hail fellow well met" into the bargain. For a comrade who never knew a quail of sickness on board ship, notwithstanding the winds may blow and the sea may roll, and who is able and willing, with skill and sympathy, to assist his less fortunate companions, is likely to be duly prized, at such a time as this, anyway. Again and again, under similar circumstances, I have found him a friend in need and a friend indeed, but, so far on this voyage, I have not, through mercy, required his services. Indeed, even now I am able to keep steadily on with my writing, although we are rolling and pitching a good deal. But I will not boast, as we never know what an hour may bring forth in this respect!

Saturday, 28th.

The storm was not of long continuance, and the morning brought with it fair weather, which was more fully appreciated because of the rough spell of the night before. My comrades are all right and hard at work.

Sunday, 30th.

We are at Port Said, and have to pack off our mail in haste. So can only add—More another day.

The Field Commissioner

WILL CONDUCT A
SOLOIERS' ASSEMBLY,
—At Hamilton, Ont., March 7th.

North-West Breezes.

Sailorik—Four Souls.

'Took chinks Friday. Good time Saturday. High jinks. Four souls and a little bit of a jig or Sunday.—Bailey.

West Sailrik.

Last week Capt. and Mrs. Lee farrelled away only three short months of warfare with us. They were leaders we all loved. God bless them very much! We have been without a Captain since, but the soldiers have done well—have kept on the meetings, have had good crowds and good collections, and good times spiritually. The night before Capt. Lee left, he commissioned the Local Officers. Hoping soon to have our new officers.—W. B. Gibbs, Sec.

Devil's Lake, N.D.

Who said the Salvation Army is asleep in Devil's Lake? On Wednesday Ensign gave her field experience, and on Thursday we had a drunkard's demonstration, and Friday a trades' union meeting. On Sunday afternoon five young men and one young woman were enrolled as soldiers under the Yellow, Red and Blue, and at night Ensign and Capt. Green, after seven months' stay, bade us adieu for Simcoe, Ont. Some bade us adieu in the penitent form during their stay here. May God continue to crown their labors with success.—Mrs. Wallace.

Prince Albert—One Soul.

Siege commenced well. Meeting held on till nearly twelve o'clock Sunday night. Monday night we praised God for a precious soul. Tuesday night we had our "Old Lang Syne" Tea, which came off well, but the exception of the tables being considerably too small! Friday night "Achan up to date," which made deep impression. We can praise God for deep conviction on the people.—Martin Bartlett, R. C.

Portage in Prairie—Two Souls.

Hallelujah! Devil mad again. Two souls since last report. Soldiers on fire. Enrollment last Thursday evening. Decided success. Eight precious comrades took their stand as Salvation Army soldiers. May God help them to be true. Amen!—T. L., for Capt. Habkirk.

Moosejaw, N.W.T.

Praise God, we are still fighting. So far we have not seen much done, but Satan's kingdom is being aroused. Souls convicted. Our Bible Class, which we have just started, is very interesting. Capt. Smith, who has just been here a short time, is leaving. We are all sorry to lose her.—Lieutenant Wick, for Captain Smith.

Newslets from Montreal I.

Amongst the latest arrivals are two Canadian girls to Eleanora Volkert, and a boy to Bainsman Ellis. Congratulations.

If organization counts for anything Staff-Capt. Burditt will soon have a good show with Montreal I.

Our new Secretary, Bro. M. Weir, does not like his job, but no man takes up his cross more willingly. He will certainly work himself out of his dislikes, for they have given him enough to do to occupy all his time when away from his daily work. He is Secretary War Cry Boomer, G. B. M. Agent, assistant hand keeper, handman, etc. In fact, he has no time to grumble, consequently he is a happy man.

Several sisters visit the saloons on Saturday nights, booming the Cry. They will reveal a few of their experiences, for the benefit of Cry renders, very shortly.

Bainsman Smith was laid up for a few weeks, suffering from a severe attack of La grippe. While at home he put a lot of music into shape, and laid out a new arrangement for a band concert.

By the way, we had a boomers' competition amongst the Montrealers. Two prizes, and good ones too, for the highest sales covering a period of three months. TRUMPET.



KLONDKE KRISTMAS!

A FREE FEAST TO THREE HUNDRED POOR.

Roast Beef—Plum Pudding—Beefsteak Pie, etc., Given Away—"Elks" Donate \$100 to the Shelter.

By ADJUT. F. MORRIS.

CHRISTMAS and the day following I predict will live long in the memory of many in Dawson City, but perhaps more vividly will this be so regarding Salvationists.

The meeting at the jail Sunday morning was, to say the least, a beautiful little thing. The singing of the prisoners was most hearty, and the interest in what was said and done most keen. The holiness meeting in progress at the same hour in the barracks was also a means of great blessing. The afternoon meeting was graced with a large audience—it was veritably from beginning to end a spontaneous outburst of praise. Two held up their hands and asked us to pray for them.

A march of twenty strong preceded the night meeting with a blessed open-air gathering, with over three hundred around for a short open-air. The barracks was packed with people to excess, the aisles were so filled that the door could not be opened. The Christmas singing was superb, and the carols and suitable songs rendered in the form of duets, trios and solos were considered splendid. The theme all day had especially been praise to God. Two more in the evening asked us to pray for them.

The morning had been announced as the formal opening of our Food and Shelter, and in keeping with Christmas and the occasion

A Free Dinner to the Poor.

of roast beef, plum-pudding, beef steak pie, etc., had been advertised. "What?" you say, "such luxuries to be GIVEN away IN DAWSON CITY to the poor?" Yes, that is exactly so. Ensign Bloss deserves much credit for the able way in which he got together all these good things. Nevertheless, to use his own words, "It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life to do the collecting." The people had only to be asked to show their liberality in a way I would imagine that has seldom been exceeded. The Royal Cafe, the leading house in the city, when asked to do something, said, "Yes, we will certainly help." We will arrange to have our kitchen cleared and cook and donate sufficient beefsteak pie for the entire number. Another gentleman gave us \$100 in fresh beef, and I sincerely believe nearly every individual gave truly as the Lord had given. You will thus see, dear reader, it was therefore a very easy matter for us to have a large quantity of good things on hand to satisfy the hungry in Dawson.

Monday morning soon appeared; each officer had his work assigned to him, and with heart and soul brim full of love to God and man, set about it.

The Shelter was formally opened by a very prominent citizen, Colonel Davis, by torchlight on December 24th, 10 p.m. As a couple of hundred people stood outside, the Colonel desired to be sung "God save the Queen," which was rendered heartily. When the music of the close of the last verse he pulled the cord and the Blood-and-Fire Flag flew out into the breeze and floated above the shelter. The "bells" then close to give vent to some of his enthusiastic remarks concerning the Salvation Army and its work. "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," was then heartily sung, and the ladies and gents, I wish you could have just peeped in, but seeing this was an utter impossibility, I will try and give you a brief written description, though at least it will only give you a vague idea. Immediately you step inside the door you are in a neat little dining-room. The walls are delightfully decorated with pine greens and suitable mottoes, the most striking of the latter being a large picture of "God bless our Army." An air-tight heater graces the centre of the room, surrounded by small tables on which are to be found good literature. To the left is the ticket counter and office. Directly to the right a door leads you to the sleeping compartment, having accommodation for thirty men. A small stove stands in the centre. You follow the corridor down about twenty-five feet

and come to the wash room. A left turn and quick march nearly at once leads you in the kitchen and officers' quarters, in which is to be found the cook stove and necessary requisites to run the eating department. Everyone at the opening expressed themselves as delighted with the appearance of the Shelter and bespoke for the institution a useful future.

But step outside again and pull you cap down over your ears for a few seconds. We are now at the barracks door. A rap and Bro. Affley, the door-keeper allows us to enter. Two long tables are full of men eating heartily—it is the first sitting, and we cannot fight. Over two hundred are waiting their turn in the Shelter and Masonic Temple for admittance. It blessed my soul to see those pinched faces, for once perhaps in a long time in this Arctic region, many thousands of miles away from loved ones, enjoying to the full a rich and well-cooked meal. At the close of the first sitting, Colonel Davis mon-

ed the little platform and requested the attention of all present. He then referred again to the Army. Modesty will not allow my giving you verbatim his remarks as the Colonel scored nearly as high as the stars in his eulogisms. The Colonel went on to say he was requested by the "Elks" to hand them there a check for \$100. (Loud applause.) Adj. McGill responded to his kind remarks, and shortly after the entire company repaired to the Masonic Temple to allow a second sitting to take their places. I might here state that about 200 persons were supplied with a free Christmas dinner.

We simply go next door and very soon we are seated in a beautiful hall and form part of a large congregation. Mr. McIlwain, a leading citizen, took the chair and called upon various gentlemen to speak, among others might be mentioned Colonel Davis, Colonel Yady, the Gold Commissioner, and others. Adj. McGill, Morris and Ensign Bloss were requested to take part. The meeting lasted about an hour and was an accession taken full advantage of by the distinguished gentlemen present to speak very highly of the Army.

8 p.m. the Musical Festival commenced. The large building was filled to the wall at the back, and was really enjoyable from beginning to end—instrumental solos, duets, and trios were the order of the day. The public took most heartily, and His dear name praised!

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin

IN THE HAMILTON DISTRICT.

When just recovering from an attack of influenza the best moment to start on a tour: however, appointments are made to be kept, and we must start on our journey.

HAMILTON 11.—We had a splendid time here on Saturday night. No. 11, limited, and after a good open-air meeting, we made our way to the barracks to find the building full. We had a really excellent meeting, much characterized by one great freedom and liberty.

The corps seems to be in good spiritual condition and Capt. Clink and Russell have received a good welcome. The prospects for No. 11 are good. Mrs. Gaskin and Mrs. Taylor conducted the meeting on Sunday night and report a real good service.

HAMILTON 12.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin conducted the last drill, which was a season of rich spiritual blessing, although owing to the intense cold, the attendance was not large. The open-air and marches during the day were all right. In the morning holiness meeting, one poor, headless drunkard came to the Mercy Seat. The afternoon meeting, which was very good, was followed by an aftermeeting for soldiers, in which the Brigadier spoke about the Sea. At night a splendid crowd gathered in the citadel, and a powerful meeting finished with

Six Souls

at the Mercy Seat; the first two being man and wife, who, hand in hand, made their way to the penitent form together. On Monday afternoon we had a holiness meeting, at the close of which two more came forward. Monday night's was a success. The Brigadier's address was richly enjoyed.

DUNDAS.—Thursday, at Dundas, we enjoyed our visit. Ten of us sang salvation songs through the almost deserted streets. When it was cold. Our ears tingled and our fingers ached before we got back again. The meeting inside was one of exceptional power. Capt. Fisher sang and spoke, and Mrs. Gaskin's two solos were much enjoyed. We wound up with three seekers at the Mercy Seat.

OAKVILLE.—This is a hard place. We had a nice march and a good meeting, although but sparsely attended.

A good work is going forward in the Hamilton District, and Staff-Captain Taylor is pushing ahead with organization, which has showed itself in many ways to the advantage of the work. The Junior Soldiers' branch is in splendid working order. They have eight companies under the leadership of Ensign Fletcher, who is the J. S. Sergeant-Major. Great advancements are expected in the near future. A splendid library for the use of the children is one of the features of the J. S. work, and the Band of Love is nicely organized and going satisfactorily.

Hamilton Shelter, under the leadership of Mrs. Gaskin and Mrs. Fletcher is making progress. Plans were discussed for making the institution of even more service than it hitherto has been.

Siftings.

Ensign Atwell is now fairly installed at the Editorial Department. He is now full hearted after the "geographical" devil, and is hunting him relentlessly from his lair. This species of devil is like mosquitoes and flies—small, but annoying, changing the scene into the ridiculous by making a "friend" out of a "friend"—rewarding a soldier with a "clown" in place of a "crown," and setting the foot upon the enemy's "neck" instead of "back," even going so far as making songs for "dinners" into songs for "dinners." So you will see this imp, we hope, forever departing from our pages and wandering in desert places.

Oh! I must mention something about the Easter War Cry. Easter is a very good season for a special issue, an appropriate season and a joyful season. The Field Commissioner rightly decided upon a Special Easter Number. It will be special—large, new contributions, and—watch further announcements about the details.

SALVATION IN THE BUSH.



OUR MANTOBA WOOD LIMIT.

Most of your readers, I am sure, have not heard about the Wood Limit that is worked in connection with the city would yard in Winnipeg. This limit was purchased last winter, and a large gang of men, with teams, for three months were taking out wood. The work is being carried on this winter again, only on a little smaller scale, yet with the evidence of advancement. Up to the present with our team we have taken out of the bush to the siding 275 cords of wood and shipped eleven cars to the wood yard in the city. In addition to this we have 250 cords in the bush. The choppers are working well. One of them had the misfortune to cut a fence three and a half inches long in his foot, severing all the cords of the toes but the small toe. Not being a medical man, I was in a strait as to what to do. However I sewed up the cut, putting five stitches in it. It is now almost

healed up and the sufferer is able to get about some.

Our "Genial" superintendent has paid us one visit, which has truly lived us something of what is going on in the outside world and Army circles. He expressed himself as highly satisfied with the progress we are making and the way work was being pushed forward.

We strive to bring the men to see the need of seeking the forgiveness of God through Jesus. There are now only two of us who are saved.

The teamster sends his greetings and best wishes to all who are helping to bring the lost to God.

The War Cry is a welcome visitor, and the way men on the C. P. R. have asked me to save the War Cry that they might get the Army news. I trust through your columns some of these poor fellows will be brought to the Saviour.—Yours to win, Foreman.



Great United Council Meetings at St. John, LED BY BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Thirty-two at the Cross.

WE have just concluded a series of the best councils and meetings ever held in St. John. Ninety officers, from different parts of the Maritime Provinces, were present. Great crowds attended all the meetings, the spirit and enthusiasm of the officers was grand, and the verdict of many was that "they were the best yet." Our beloved Provincial Officer, who has been struggling against great weakness for some time, rose to the occasion in a marvellous manner, and was truly upheld by the power of an unseen hand. He delivered burning words of truth, both to the officers in council and to the large crowds who sat and listened attentively in these public meetings.

"The theme of the council was 'CALVARY,' and over and over again was our favorite chorus sung:

"Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary,
Speak to my heart from Calvary."

And it was grand to hear that crowd of officers swell the sounds of that beautiful chorus. Then, with hands uplifted and eyes closed, they sang:

"Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary,
I'll live and die at Calvary."

Words fail to describe the presence and power of the Holy Ghost as it was manifested in these councils. Three days were spent with the Field Officers, and an extra one with the Staff Officers, and all were encouraged and inspired, and returned to their appointments more than ever filled with the Calvary spirit.

Our absent comrades were not forgotten, but especially prayed for—those in far-off Bermuda and distant parts of the Province, one or two of whom came part of the way, and had to return on account of the boats not running regularly.

Every branch of our work was considered—the Siege, publication system, sent-savings, soldier-savings, knee-drills, uniforms, etc., etc., and the results of these councils cannot help but be far-reaching. The officers were enthusiastic and ready to take hold of the program in true warrior fashion.

Our beloved leader, the Field Commissioner, very kindly sent a letter to the officers gathered together in council, which was read and replied to as follows by Major Collier on behalf of the Staff and Field Officers present:

"Miss Booth, Field Commissioner,
Toronto, Ont.

"Dear Commissioner—We, the Staff and Field Officers now assembled in council at St. John, received your message of love, and were cheered and inspired by the counsel and advice contained therein; and while we would have been more than delighted could you have been with us on this occasion, yet, in your absence, we pledge ourselves to stand by the Flag and our leaders, and to carry on the war in this Province to a glorious finish.

"We are booming the Siege. Already many backsliders have been won, and you can depend on us to do all we can, both for the Senior and Junior branches of the war. The salvation of the children has been laid on our hearts in a special manner.

"God is with us in the council, His Spirit is being poured out, we are receiving much inspiration and blessing through our Provincial Officer, who is being sustained and upheld by God in a marvellous manner, and with one united effort we are going to win the great struggles of sin and Satan in the East.

"We unitedly pledge loyalty to God, our leaders, and the Flag.
Signed on behalf of the military officers present, T. H. McLaughlin,
Chancellor."

The public meetings were grand. Monday night's reception was led by the Major. Nearly all the officers were in and assisted in making the meeting interesting and good.

Tuesday night was announced as a Musical Festival, Children's Drills, etc. Bro. DeForest, the converted minstrel, who assisted with his music in all the meetings, played remarkably well, and almost pulled the house down with his marches, etc., on the guitar, banjo and mandolin. He would swing the banjo in a circle, and play the chimes to the tune of "Rock of Ages," then swing it round his head, play church bells, also on the guitar he represented a brass

band playing, with the drums beating, etc. Many who heard him say that he is the best musician on the guitar that ever stood on a St. John platform.

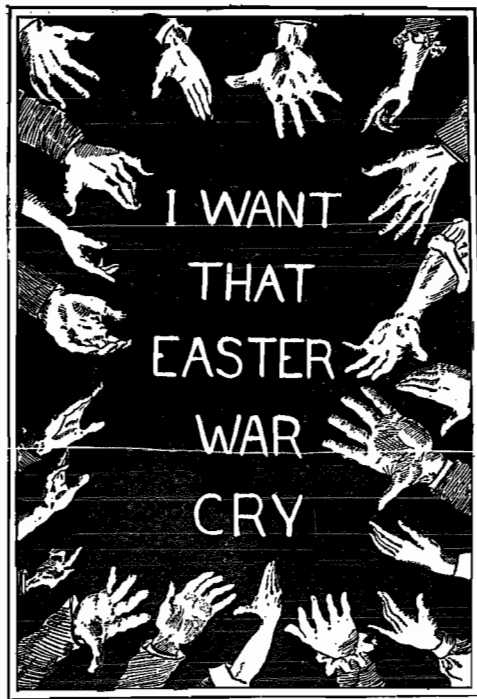
The Children's Drills

captivated the audience. The girls were dressed in white with red sashes, the boys in red blouses and sashes. They went through some different bar bell and dumb bell exercises much to their credit. They had been taught by Ernest, the Brigadier's oldest boy, who, though but ten years of age, puts his whole soul into the business. With his bar bell and dumb bells and bar bell led the way excellently. But little two-year-old Winnie Pugmire brought the cheers and claps from the crowd as she bravely attempted to keep up with the hand-drills, but somehow her little hands WOULD clasp over her head in double quick time, and her little head WOULD go bobbing down just when the others were remaining so quiet and dignified. The brass band formed

work. The D. O.'s, with the officers of their own District were arranged in rows on the platform, and at the Brigadier's command, while a suitable chorus was being sung, they marched in turns with colors flying, to the front of the platform and stood while he handed each one their card, and before marching back again the D. O.'s spoke on the mission represented on their special card. For instance, Adjt. Byers spoke on the Holy Ghost, Adjt. Miller on the Children's Work, Adjt. Jost on seeking the fallen ones, Ensign Graham on sowing the seed, Ensign Frazer on persecution of the Army, Adjt. McLean on Candidates, the closing speech being made by Adjt. McGillivray on "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and he gave a beautiful illustration of an Army officer dying at his post. The meeting all through was very descriptive of the glorious work our Army is doing all over the world. The Brigadier and Major took hold of the prayer meeting, and four came to the Mercy Seat. It was a grand and glorious wind-up as that crowd of officers stood and sang:

"Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary,
I'll live and die at Calvary."

Friday morning the F. O.'s went back to their corps. A Staff Council was held all day, and at night a Holiness Convention in No. 111 barracks. Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire, Major and Mrs. Col-



for the occasion played some selections well. Although it was well-nigh ten o'clock when the music part was finished, yet that large crowd sat spell-bound. The Brigadier took his place at some length talked on the words "More than conqueror," hitting the empty professors to the right and left, and showing up the sins of our day. So interesting had the meeting been that the crowd seemed loath to leave, although the mid-night hour was approaching.

Wednesday night the

"Three Hours at the Cross"

for officers, was lengthened into four, and definite blessings were received in that meeting which will tell for eternity.

Thursday night was the "Great Commissioning of Nearly One Hundred Officers for Different Parts of the Field." This was a meeting of the Brigadier's own production, and a more impressive one one could scarcely find. He had a number of special cards printed for the District Officers, with a different passage of Scripture on each one, representing the various branches of our

lieut. and all the Staff Officers were present at this meeting. The barracks were packed. Holiness was thoroughly explained and agreed upon with the Brigadier and that twenty-one knelt at the Cross, and four offered themselves as Candidates for the war.

Mrs. Pugmire's words of counsel and advice to the officers, as she talked to them from a heart filled with love for them and yearning to be of service and blessing to them, will not soon be forgotten, and more than ever have our dear leaders endeavored themselves to the hearts of their officers by their devoted, earnest, self-sacrificing spirit.

Major Collier, the Brigadier's faithful and devoted Chancellor, stood by him and was of untold help and blessing to him throughout the campaign, being ever ready to take hold as each opportunity presented itself.

We closed these great gatherings with THURSDAY-EVENING at the penitent form, and although the end has come, yet the influence of the meetings will live on and on and on in our memory.—Red Riding Hood.

Corps Cadets' Column.

By BRIGADIER COMPLAIN.

MANY a poor mother has wept bitter tears when her boy has enlisted to fight in the service of Queen and country, but every wise mother should smile with intense satisfaction when she sees her boy or girl enlisting in the ranks of the Corps Cadets, for instead of going to take men's lives, they go into training to learn how to save them, and to be the biggest possible blessing to their fellow-men in their day and generation.

The Corps Cadets' work is progressing splendidly and there is to be a big increase through the Siege now on. The machinery for the proper running of the Corps Cadet system has now been perfected. A new card of enlistment, of a different sort of thing, has been printed, and will be in the hand of every existing Corps Cadet by the time this is in print. The new card supersedes the old one. Every Corps Cadet will show forward his old card to the General Secretary's Department at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto.

The new card contains a series of lessons and questions—live for each month. Corps Cadets will answer the questions on foolscap paper and mail same to Corps Cadet Department at T. H. Q. by the 20th of each month. There should be fifty of these lesson cards in the Corps Cadets' Department at Toronto by the 20th of March, when every paper will be carefully and critically examined, and marks awarded according to their merit.

The questions on the card for the first course of lessons will extend over six months. With the lessons for the sixth month, the card must also be forwarded by the Corps Cadet to T. H. Q., and in return he will receive a Corps Cadet Certificate, according to the result of the examination. His spiritual standing and the work done by him during the six months will also be taken into consideration.

The Certificates are really works of art, due and solid things, and they are first, second and third class, according to merit.

We recommend the Corps Cadets to give all the help they possibly can to their commanding officers who will be only too pleased to render whatever help they can to find an outlet for the Corps Cadets' energies in connection with both the Junior and Senior branches of the Salvation Army work. Moreover, there is a whole set of regulation work which HAS to be done. Of this Cadets will hear from their officers.

The corps commanding officer is really the shepherd for the Corps Cadet, and is responsible for him in a very special sense. He has to fill up a quarterly report which goes pretty fully into the Corps Cadet's affairs, and has considerable weight in helping the judges at Headquarters to form an estimate as to what class of Certificate shall be given the Corps Cadet at the end of the six months. It is, therefore, necessary for the Corps Cadet to make himself known to the P. O., or Chancellor when they are visiting their corps.

Corps Cadets, rise to the occasion! You are to be the leaders of God's hosts under the Flag of the Salvation Army. In a few years you will be bearing the responsibilities of leadership and sustaining the Lord's work as much as the officers you now look to are doing, and you ought to use every opportunity to qualify yourself for your future position. Learn to pray—not to use a multitude of words like parrots chattering, but to come into real touch of spirit with the Great Spirit, WHO IS GOD AND LORD OF ALL. Learn to believe God and rely on His promises. It will save you from worry and sustain you in times of darkness. The Shield of Faith will enable you to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. Remember that the Great Spirit, WHO IS GOD AND LORD OF ALL, WHICH IS THE WORD OF GOD, will make you a successful Fighter in the cause of Christ.

Our Field Officers.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE,
Billings, Mont.

Mark Ayre, the Hallenbach Butcher, of Bowmanville, left that town nearly nine years ago with his devoted wife, to throw in the balance of his life with the Salvation Army as an officer. He is well-known in Ontario, having commanded with great success some of the leading corps, among them the Temple corps.

Of late years the Adjutant has suffered much with asthma, in consideration of



which he was sent to Dakota, as physicians expected the bracing, dry air of the prairies would be beneficial to him. He opened Mandan, N. D., from there he was transferred to the Pacific Province, and in succession had charge of the corps at Helena and Butte, Mont., followed by the opening of Nelson, B. C., and the command of Victoria Corps with B. C. District, from where he went to his present command.

The Adjutant's congenious, outspoken and considerate, which makes him a successful leader.

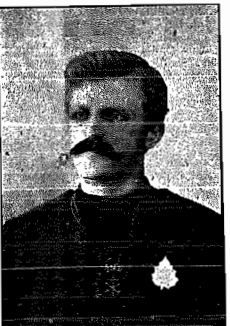
Mrs. Ayre is one of the best War Cry Booners of the Territory.

Capt. E. Jublin, Vancouver Shelter.

The Captain has been a Salvationist for over eight years, having been converted at New Westminster, B. C., on the 14th of Sept., 1890. He is a native of Sweden and has sailed the wide seas for many years, till he landed in British Columbia, after having deserted a ship where small wages were given for hard work, with bad food and worse treatment than in.

Capt. Jublin was a Candidate for many years, and only after various experiences which brought him to the verge of backsliding did he enter the army.

Before being accepted as Cadet he became drummer of a pioneering band in the early days of the Pacific Province.



As Lieutenant he again joined the Tent Brigade, which, the following summer, travelled through Montana on a scouting tour, and was later on transferred to the Musical Minstrels. After a field appointment he again, as Captain, became a member of the Washington Marine Band, which Brigadier Howell had touring last year in his Province.

Capt. Jublin has had appointments in the Field at Great Falls, Colfax, Lewiston, Butte and Helena, and before his present appointment he had his first experience as a Social Officer in the Victoria Shelter.

The Evolution of a Seed.

STAGE EIGHT.

No badges on regulation uniform was a restriction that had often grieved Seeds very much. But on the homeward journey the said uniform was both tattered and torn. Blanket patches were on the original 'kities adorned most soldiers' knees, while the once trim uniform jackets were altogether too shabby to wear at all. Hence at the various receptions which awaited them the soldiers appeared in the little grey fatigue jackets, which had been sent them by friends for their off-duty moments. This circumstance, decidedly released him from the binding restriction, and with eager fingers plucked on the little Army shield which he had had to carry treasured in his knapsack so long.

That little badge did good service. It spoke when his wearer could not speak and explained his firm and decided against the all-round treating that was working such havoc amongst many of his comrades. And when he got home again to Trenton, whereupon the Army had been no enthusiastic as the municipal one, the sight of that little badge upon the soldier's grey jacket made the welcome more enthusiastic than ever.

The young man's parents, both now getting on years, had ronder of their roving boy than ever, received him with open arms. Yet in their very delight to have him back a new trial awaited Seeds. The old prejudice against the Army had not died out, and somehow blind to the blessed change which its influence had wrought in the heart and life of their son, they determined that his connection with it must be severed.

"Either," said Seeds' grey-haired father, "you must leave the Army once and for all, or you must leave home."

Liege was a predicament for poor Seeds. With all his wandering and old-time prodigal ways, he had loved his parents passionately, and the thought of grieving them or leaving them seemed more than he could do. On the other hand his attachment to the Army was

more than a mere fancy—it was devotion born of a conviction that his place was now and unchangeably in the ranks.

In his perplexity he went to the Captain. She, poor lass, was having a hard fight—for Trenton just then presented some awkward opposition and stern difficulties. On his way home Seeds left her at K—, just after she had received orders to face the obstacles of the Flag in Trenton. She had been a bit downhearted at the prospect, and Seeds had assured her—never a mind. She'd go through and come out with the Flag on the top of all the trouble in the end. And she could reckon, he said, that he would stand by her and the Army to the end. To this same Captain he came now for light on the problem that was worrying him. Was it his duty to leave his parents, or to leave the Flag, which meant so much to him? The Captain gave him no settled answer, but he came to pray and reflect before he came to any decision, adding:

"And I would remind you of what you said to me at K—." She was wiser, he thought and said. All the pledges that he had given God and his comrades to fight and die in the Army rose before him. Cost what it may, he must fulfil them. Next morning he told his father his mind, and made up his mind. Sadly, but firmly, Seeds replied that he had—was resolved to hold to the Flag. His father was wrathful, his mother tearful, but both were unable to move their son. Seeds left home that morning and never returned to it.

A good situation and kind friends did not leave the lad desolate, while his comrades met him round to cheer and encourage their brother who had been turned out of home for no crime save his connection with them. Time went on. Seeds became a power for good as a pillar of the local corps, and when Commissioner Coombe presented colors to Trenton, it was into the hands of Sergt. Seeds that he entrusted the Flag.

(To be continued.)

Through the Heart of the Kootenay.

The Pacific Chancellor Pushes the Siege.

We were most anxious that the B. C. and Coast portion of our Province should be well represented in the presence, and chiefly on this account it was arranged that Staff-Capt. Turner should visit all the corps of that part of the Pacific Province.

ROSSLAND is situated 147 miles from Spokane, and 17 miles from the boundary line. Its altitude is nearly 6,000 feet, which gives one plenty of fresh air.

The journey was very tedious and the weather piercing cold, ranging from 4° to 20° below zero en route.

The Saturday night's meeting was a good, live affair—a platform full of soldiers, a crowded hall, and a hearty reception was our greeting. A nice, crisp meeting (Send us the recipe—Ed.) was indulged in and a keen desire created for the coming Sunday's battle.

Thirteen of the Lord's own met for knee-drill, which was made a source of blessing to us. All day the weather was so cold that our open-air in part had to be discarded. I made two attempts to make myself heard outside, but finally gave up, though not despairing.

The day's meetings were of great blessing. The Staff-Captain had much freedom, the crowds and interest were splendid, and conviction was stamped on many faces. The English took the opportunity of having seven recruits enrolled, the ceremony creating a profound sensation.

Several things impressed me about Rossland among them were:

The phenomenal growth of Rossland, which now numbers about 10,000 population.

The increased activity in mining.

The increased haunts of sin and vice.

The profound respect the citizens have for the S. A.

The splendid hold the present officers have on the place, with opportunities for extension.

Trail.

We go down the hillside 14 miles to reach Trail, which is only six miles distant "as the crow flies." The grade and windings of this narrow gauge road cause me to almost hold my breath while descending some portions of the way.

The Staff-Captain seemed very pleased to have the opportunity of again visiting the Smelter City, for only a little more than three months ago he had opened fire on the same.

The chief feature of the meeting was the presentation of colors.

A nice crowd had gathered to witness the same, and many minds were disabused of their preconceived notions as to our work.

A nice little platform nearly full of recruits is the outcome of our first three months' work.

God is greatly blessing the present officer, Capt. Quant, and the prospects are that ere the Siege is over we shall have a fine corps of soldiers in this place. One hears some sad tales of sorrow here among the seekers after God.

The Chancellor met a man on the train who was much interested in the Sunday's meetings, and who volunteered to give a little of his experience. "This past year has been a sorrowful one to me," he quoth, "I have had a smashed leg, my mouth has been laid up with the grippe, and, saddest of all, have lost a brother in a snow-slide."

"Tell us about your brother," said the Staff-Captain.

"Well, it was like this," he replied, "My mother is worth considerable money and lives in Oakland, Cal. My brothers and myself came to the Kootenay in search of gold; one was successful in securing a rich lead and was offered \$15,000 for the same. Thinking, however, that it would be worth even more if developed, he engaged with a company to work for a time.

"97 shifts had been put in, sufficient money had been earned, and the next day his intention was to proceed to work his claim, but going home, he, in company with others, was carried off by a slide, and went down with the avalanche. Nine months elapsed before his body was found, it being finally located over a mile away from where he was trapped, his body having been carried over on bluffs. When found he was still under the snow, frozen stiff, with his dinner pail in his hand."

Further conversation brought out the fact that the man had not been ready for death.

(To be continued.)

A LOSS TO VICTORIA, B.C.

SEGT.-MAJOR KEEFE was promoted to Glory on Friday, Jan. 27th,

at quarter past eight in the morning, at the age of 63. He had been sick a little over two weeks, still his sickness did not seem to have been very serious at first—in fact, by appearances he was gradually improving. At 7 o'clock

Friday morning he was seized with severe pain, and he realized that his illness was serious. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I am going to be a sick man; it will cost me my life." His wife begged him not to say that, but he said, "Yes, yes!" Then another attack of pain seized him. He battled with it for a while, but his strength had gone and his spirit took to flight. One of the best and brightest soldiers of Victoria corps had gone to his eternal reward.

Bro. Keefe was a native of Nova Scotia. He was saved about 12 years ago at Oxford, N. S., and soon after came out to B. C. and is, therefore, one of the oldest soldiers in the Victoria corps. He was married nine years ago—it was the first Hallenbach Wedding ever held out here. He was a Band Sergeant for some time, and was appointed as Sergt.-Major of Victoria corps three years ago by Major Friedrich. His bright, cheery ways endeared him to everyone he came in contact with. His strong, forcible nature and clear, definite testimony made an impression on all. You felt he knew what he was talking about, and lived up to what he professed.

He was employed on the Government Dredge for over 10 years, being a favorite with all on board. He took his stand as a Salvationist among them, and lived before them the life of an out-and-out soldier. He was well-known at Nanaimo, his boat being stationed there for some months, also at Vancouver and New Westminster, having fought in each corps, and been a blessing to many. It was while at New Westminster, he caught the severe cold which cost him his life. He had been home for Christmas and was the life of the Christmas Tree held on Christmas Eve. He was full of fun and glad to be home again, and went back to his boat at New Year's. The following week he came home sick.

Adj. and Mrs. Patterson, of Vancouver, at the request of dear Mrs. Keefe, conducted the funeral service, assisted by Adj. and Mrs. Marshall. It was a beautiful service on the Sunday afternoon. The harracks was packed, a great many of them being old comrades who have left the ranks, rallying one more to see the last of their former Sergt.-Major.

The service at the grave was very impressive. The band played, "Above the waves of earthly strife," and Sister Townsend sang a solo, "Conrads' Yell," bayonets and sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," and Bro. Keefe was laid away with the glorious hope of meeting him again, if we remain true to God. At night we had the musical service, a real good, touching time; Adj. Patterson led. Sister Keefe was with us and her three little ones. She is heart-broken over her sudden loss, yet God has sustained her, and the many who are left. God has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless—Sister Lewis.

"I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest,

I sail the wide seas no more, no more; The tempest may sweep n'er the wild, stormy deep.

But in Jesus I'm safe evermore, evermore."



East Ontario Happenings.

Port Hope—One Soul.

Another week has slipped by, and the result is one wanderer returned to the fold. Others are deeply convicted, but the "not-to-night" devil leads them on. We intend, in His strength, to shoot straight.—Annie.

Montreal II.—Two Souls.

Brigadier Bennett and Staff-Captain Rawling were with us on Sunday. We had a day of victory, and after a well-fought prayer meeting at night two souls came to God. God is for us.—W. G., it. C.

Sunbury—Four Souls.

Thank God for victory in this place. Since the Siege started we have had the joy of seeing four backsliders returning to God. God is on our side, and we mean to conquer. Hallelujah!—J. Gordon, R. C.

Barre—Seventeen Souls.

Three great victories the past week. The battle is still raging. We have laid siege to the strongholds of sin. Three souls for salvation Wednesday night. Sunday was a day that will long be remembered by many. In the afternoon five souls and at night nine precious souls in the Fountain. We give God the glory.—Zaccheus.

Morrisburg—One Soul.

Since last report God has been wonderfully blessing our labors here. Another precious soul sought and found the pearl of greatest price. We have beautiful crowds and good attention.—Yours to hold up Captain Reid's hands and keep her from dancing too much, Lieut. Newell.

Peterboro—Five Souls.

Capt. French and Lieut. O'Neil, of Millbrook, are holding the fort. Adj. Alkenhead called home on account of her father's illness. We enrolled seven recruits, and amongst them were Eze, Capt. and Mrs. Neuert. Five souls seeking pardon on Sunday night.—Jos. Christie.

Pictou—Two Souls.

Visit of Ensign Parker to Pictou. A large crowd greeted him at his first meeting. A load of us drove out to Cherry Valley for a meeting, and a real good time we had. Our cottage meetings are times of power. Two souls saved in our last one. Praise the Lord! Soldiers are in for souls. Hallelujah!—Sims and Norman (Inds).

Prescott—One Soul.

Friday night we had a special holiness meeting. The power of the Holy Ghost descended upon us all. God was with us on Sunday, and in the afternoon meeting we had the joy of seeing one prodigal return to God. We are praying and believing that this Siege shall be the best we have ever known.—Lieut. Hickman.

Ottawa—Five Souls.

Victory over sin and Satan was ours on Sunday, when four weary souls found rest. Sunday was Junior day in which a creditable work was shown to the public. With great rejoicing and praising God, we wound up the day. In all since last report five souls. Victory is our motto here.—A. French.

Bloomfield.

Ensigns Parker and Sims here on Friday night with lantern service. A success. Good crowd. Saturday night and Sunday meetings, good crowds and good collections. Monday drove about seven miles to the town of Wellington, which is an old battle-ground of Adj. Ogilvie and Ensign Parker. Took a lot of Cry, which sold like hot cakes. Capt. Findlay is a real hustler. A right royal welcome awaits the S. A. in Wellington again we believe. Lord, hasten the time! We are bound to win.—G. Hall, for Capt. Findlay.

Montreal I.—Nine Souls.

Brigadier Bennett, assisted by Staff-Capt. Rawling and Barlett, conducted a special service in connection with the Siege, on Thursday, the 10th Feb. All who attended contributed five cents at the door. The first part of the meeting was bright and cheerful, and not too long. Coffee and cake were served to all present during the intermission, free. The Bible lesson was effective. Every comrade felt drawn closer to God. A searching of the hearts brought eight out for complete deliverance, and one for pardon.—G. L. O. R. Y.

Central Ontario Scribblings.

Bracebridge—One Soul.

Capt. Matthews has returned after a much-needed rest. Had "Achan's tent"



PICTOU.—"Our cottage meetings are times of power."

nected on the platform. Very successful. Eleven soldiers enrolled and a dedication service performed. Sergt. Hunt had his boy, Albert William, dedicated to God and the Army. With all the rough seas that the Secretary has seen in 16 years' warfare with the good old ship, he still claims there is nothing like the Army for him and his family.—W. G. W.

Sudbury

Whew! 48° below zero, and the war goes on. Bro. Jimmie Jones the little Welshman, becoming quite a poet. He often gives us something new in songs. Bro. Fred Dault, our French comrade, may often be heard singing his favorite chorus, "Over me, over me." Sister Dostrum hustles the Swede songs. About 11 a.m. Sunday, the Stobie boys may be seen marching into Sudbury, about 4 miles. God bless them, they are Siege fighters.—Cand. N. Trickey.

Huntsville.

It was a good eight days' campaign. Eleven soldiers enrolled and a dedication service performed. Sergt. Hunt had his boy, Albert William, dedicated to God and the Army. With all the rough seas that the Secretary has seen in 16 years' warfare with the good old ship, he still claims there is nothing like the Army for him and his family.—W. G. W.

Collingwood—Three Souls.

We had a song service, mouth-organ band to the front, on Thursday evening. Cue soul came out. Sunday was a day of blessing. One soul. Monday night, Band of Love, when one dear little brother became reconciled. A very remarkable case.—Willie Clark, R. C.

St. Catharines—One Soul.

Saturday night Staff-Capt. Taylor led us on. He commissioned Local Off. ers. Sunday, holiness meeting, one seeking for salvation. 2:30 p.m. march in the by-ways. A rouser. Inside, young people's meeting. 7:30 p.m., some in tears, but would not yield. Sister Mrs. Peard passed away on Saturday in Jesus. She loved the Army. J. S. Sergt. C. Tomlinson has joined the War Cry staff. Sold 15 copies for a start.—Pub. Sergt. M. Jor.

Bowmanville—Three Souls.

The Siege is going along here grandly. We all appreciate the kindness of Brother Fletcher in getting up at his own expense, an "Old Lang Syne" Tea, which we all enjoyed, and had a beautiful meeting in the parlor. Yesterday (Sunday) we had a grand day. Two souls in the Fountain in the afternoon and one more at night. Sold 15 in high place.—Ensign Jones, C. O.



FARGO.—"Four Juniors sought salvation."

Gravenhurst—Nine Souls.

We had the joy of seeing four backsliders getting beautifully saved. God 4 meetings and marbles, getting better right along. Everybody got deep conviction. Everyone running over with joy.—F. T. R. C. [Another report chronicles nine souls.—Ed.]

Aurora.

Praise God, we are not dead nor sleeping here, and although the fight is very hard here, eternity alone will reveal the good that is being done. We are fighting for a God Who never lost a battle.—Captain Timney, Lieut. Tytus.

West Ontario War News.

Thedford

We are having his times here. Our meetings are well attended. Lieut. Baird is leading us on at present, and he is a great fellow for variety and making things interesting. We are believing for a smash in the devil's ranks.—T. Ford, Cor.

Waford.

Ensign Collier with us for the week-end. Good meetings on Sunday. The Lantern Service, subject, "Grizzle and Jim," was much enjoyed. We were sorry to say good-bye to Captain Rees. We welcome Capt. Liston in our midst, believing that the three months' Siege will be a blessing.—E. C., Reg. Cor.

St. Thomas—Three Souls.

Since last report we can shout victory. Yesterday (Sunday) we had three backsliders come back to the fold. Meeting ended in a hallelujah wind-up and march around the barracks. We are in for victory.—Freddie Foubister, no. 14.

Woodstock—Thirteen Souls.

Devil defeated. God glorified. Sunday night the Spirit of God gripped the hearts of the people, and seven precious souls came to Jesus, one an old bandman, been a backslider for five years. Altogether making thirteen souls in two weeks. To God be all the glory!—Lieut. Hoeklin, for Ensign Gamble.

Palmerston—Two Souls.

Palmerston has just been favored with three days' visit from the International Troupe. Their visit was very much appreciated by all. Everybody delighted with the splendid music, singing, and scenes of living pictures. On Sunday night two souls were saved. Hallelujah!—Ensign W. Orchard.



THIEDFORD.—"Lieut. Baird is making things interesting."

Pacific Pointers.

Billings, Mont.—Four Souls.

Very severe weather, ranging from 40° to 60° below zero. Crowds, consequently, very small. Very good meetings. Good order and attention. The Spirit + work. Four forward for the week—two Seniors and two Juniors. More coming.—Yours believing, M. Ayer.

Victoria.

New barracks opened in the late Y. M. C. A. rooms. Adj. Barr led, also all day Sunday. Real good spiritual day. A flying visit from Capt. Jublin. Weather been bitterly cold this week, unusual for B. C.—M. L.

Dillon, Mont.—One Soul.

Hallelujah! We are still marching on. Since last report we have had one soul. We are more determined than ever to do our best for God and souls.—Reg. Cor. T. C. Street.

Eastern Events.

Sackville, N.B.

We cannot report great victories in the way of souls being saved, but we know God is with us and He is able to save. The people at our outpost love the Army and take great interest in our meetings. We are believing to have some soldiers out there yet.—Capt. Moore and Lieut. Pemberton.

Halifax I.—Two Souls.

We are besieging the forts of darkness. Adj. McGillivray has returned from the big gun officers' council at St. John, refreshed and strengthened more than ever for S. A. warfare. On Tuesday night one soul, and on Sunday night one weary sinner sought pardon through the Blood of Jesus.—Treasurer Cashin.

Ogby, N.S.—Three Souls.

We are having victory. Three souls for last week. Have felt the droppings and are believing for the showers. Praise the Lord!—S. D., R. C.



DEVIL'S LAKE.—"Some sixty have knelt at the penitent form during seven weeks."

Fargo, N.D.—Four Juniors.

We are marching on. God is blessing us. Six recruits sworn in under the Flag to fight for Jesus. Four Juniors sought salvation. God bless the children. —Yours in the fight, M. H. S.



HALIFAX I.—"One weary sinner sought salvation."

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

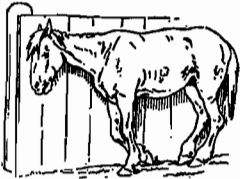
Down Goes Gaskin and Pugmire, and Up Comes Bennett and Howell!

QUITE A COMMOTION!

A Cold Snap, Indeed, in the Central and Eastern Provinces.

The event of the week is undoubtedly the remarkable advance of Brigadier Howell against the formidable Major Southall. From an average for the last six weeks of fifteen, the worthy Pacific man reaches the sublime height of 49! And the refreshing part of the whole affair is that while others blame the cold weather for their fall, the Brigadier accepts the same cold spell and rises! All hail, P. O. Howell!

"THAT TIREE FEELING."



"Nigger," of the C. O. P.

I have done my best to advance the cause of the C. O. P., which is only another way of saying, I have done my best for Nigger. At present the devoted but discouraged animal is holding up the fence at the foot of Brigadier Gaskin's garden. The look on the quondam's face is indicative of weariness and unappreciated long-suffering. I would recommend a course of treatment, Brigadier. Call on me, and I will make known a valuable recipe.

What a shout would have rent the air if the necessary six hammers had lifted Brigadier Bennett away above the W. O. Major? As it is, the hair is unruined. No rent appears. Major Southall is serene, and I anyone, thinks himself secure. "Let him that thinketh he standeth," etc. This is private, for the Major only.

Capt. Hellman, you carry off the laurels, and I'm sure you have put in some hard work. Many thanks to Mrs. Huffman and Sister Graham for rising above the 200 mark also.

Read what Adj. Coombs, of Brantford, says:

"Capt. Hellman is determined to make any one in Ontario hustle if they down here in War Cry selling. Good for the Captain!"

Let the first challenge come. Any Ontario comrade is invited to try spears with the Captain.

Our barometer this week records the following changes: Unstead takes 10 more copies; Steve Standish, of Carleton Place, takes 25 (He is a lone soldier, but a brick. God bless him!); Montreal 1, phase 9.

Never mind the cold, comrades. Don't let it be said that you are afraid of a bit of frost. Bounce early and often.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	220
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	275
ENGIN SMITH, Galt	115
SERGE. McDUGALL, Goderich	110
LEUT. CARL, Windsor	102
IDEAS, CHURCHILL, Petrolia	100
SERGE. Bateman, Stratford	90
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph	80
Mrs. Sergt.-Major Rock, Chatham	80
SERGE. G. Yennans, Chatham	80
LEUT. PIERCE, St. Thomas	85
Capt. Clark, McArthur, London	85
Capt. Barker, London	75
LEUT. Munford, Sarnia	75
Capt. Hollett, Stratford	65

LEUT. Sitzer, Dresden	61
Capt. Brango, Wyoming	60
SERGE. May Allen, Mitchell	60
LEUT. Burton, Stratford	60
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll	58
Capt. Slope, Hespeler	57
Capt. Liston, Watford	50
LEUT. Horwood, Seaford	50
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	50
Bro. Greenbridge, Wainwright	50
Mrs. Butts, London	50
See. Gifford, Simcoe	46
SERGE. Schuster, Berlin	45
SERGE. Pritchley, Listowel	42
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	42
LEUT. Stickels, Forest	42
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton	40
Sister Maud Crocker, Seaford	40
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	38
Capt. Cox, Guelph	38
Mrs. Adjt. Hughes, Stratford	37
Sister Howlett, Petrolia	37
Mrs. Cutting, Essex	35
SERGE. Annie Wright, Ingersoll	35
Adj. McCannand, London	34
Sister G. Crafts, Chatham	31
SERGE. Graham, Thamesville	35
Sister Liebrook, Leamington	35
Bro. Orchard, Peterborough	30
Bro. Crow, Wallaceburg	30
Capt. Payton, Ridgeway	30
Adj. Coombs, Brantford	30
SERGE. Major Scott, Guelph	30
See. Mrs. Harris, London	30
LEUT. Baird, Chedford	30
Bro. Bulmer, London	30
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	28
Sister Dearing, Hespeler	27
Sister HILLS, Blenheim	27
SERGE. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Sister Nettie Jordan, Paris	25
Sister Schmidt, Paris	25
Capt. Elsbary, St. Thomas	25



Arab Carries his Master Towards the "100" Mark in the Hustlers' War Cry Competition.

Cand. Carley, Ridgeway	25
Sister Stoddart, London	25
Bro. Oke, Petrolia	25
Bro. Curry, Petrolia	25
Sister Erb, Berlin	25
Bro. Bonn, Wallaceburg	24
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	23
SERGE. Carter, Hespeler	20
Mrs. Hopkins, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim	20
Capt. Hoddinott, Blenheim	20
SERGE. Ross, Hespeler	20
Bro. Campbell, Hespeler	20
LEUT. Jordan, Tilbury	20
Mrs. Dunn, Tilbury	20
SERGE. Brindley, Goderich	20
Bro. Chiesman, Dresden	20
Sister Gooding, Listowel	20
LEUT. Hodson, Listowel	20
Mrs. Noff, Stratford	20
Capt. Burton, Leamington	20
Capt. Heuter, Clinton	20
SERGE. Major Smith, Guelph	20
Sister Cheeseman, London	20
Capt. Rees, Norwich	20
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	20
Capt. Heuter, Clinton	20
Capt. Huntington, Tilsonburg	20
LEUT. Gatzke, Bayfield	20

Bro. Musgrove, Wexester	20
Capt. Bonny, Bothwell	20
LEUT. Winter, Bothwell	20
Capt. McLeod, Wingham	20

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEREC PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

ADJT. GOODWIN, Ottawa	135
CAPT. CONNOIS, Ottawa	135
LEUT. WILLIAMS, Pembroke	112
LEUT. BUTCHER, Brockville	110
CAPT. BROWN, Perth	100
SERGE. MAJOR BELKINS, Barre	100
LEUT. Symons, St. Albans	89
Ensign Stalger, Belleville	85
Capt. French, Peterboro	80
LEUT. Brooks, Renfrew	80
Ensign Sims, Pictou	79
SERGE. Major Simmons, Kingston	78
LEUT. Tuck, Montreal II	76
SERGE. Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	75
LEUT. Norman, Pictou	75
LEUT. Woods, Napanee	75
Capt. Downey, Burlington	70
Capt. Jones, Burlington	70
LEUT. Liddell, Gananoque	67
Capt. Green, Gananoque	66
Capt. Green, Tweed	66
ADJT. Bradley, Cornwall	65
Capt. Vance, Belleville	64
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott	60
Capt. Mages, Kempton	60
ADJT. Odell, Sherbrooke	60
SERGE. Rogers, Montreal I	59
Mrs. Williams, St. Albans	54
Capt. Reid, Montpelier	52
SERGE. Dine, Kingston	52
SERGE. Mrs. Fraser, Montreal I	52
LEUT. Newell, Morrisburg	52
Sister Crozier, Montreal I	51
SERGE. Ritchie, Kempton IV	50
Capt. Banks, Quebec	50
Mrs. Ryckman, Deseronto	49
Capt. Bearehead, Deseronto	48
SERGE. Thompson, Belleville	45
Capt. Grose, Brighton	40
SERGE. Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	44
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Port Hope	40
Capt. McIntyre, Montreal II	40
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	38
SERGE. Laidlaw, Kingston	38
LEUT. Hickman, Prescott	37
LEUT. McFarlane, Gananoque	35
Capt. Batten, Amherst	35
LEUT. Latimer, Odessa	35

SERGE. Mrs. Green, Peterboro	29
SERGE. Mrs. Stevens, Peterboro	29
Bro. Jones, Barre	29
LEUT. Phelps, Pictou	29
Mrs. Davis, Amherst	29
Capt. Mitchell, Peterboro	29
Mrs. Higney, Montpelier	29
Capt. McSamsy, St. Johnsbury	29
Miss Perrett, St. Johnsbury	29
LEUT. Young, St. Johnsbury	29

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

75 Hustlers.

Ensign Smith, Owen Sound	80
Ensign Ross, St. Catharines	79
SERGE. Meadock, Temple	75
ADJT. Cameron, Barrie	60
Bro. Case, Hamilton I	60
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	60
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	60
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	60
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	50
LEUT. McLennan, North Bay	50
SERGE. Boelcher, Ligar St.	49
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound	49
SERGE. Wiggins, Chelmsford	49
Capt. Almar, Richmond St.	45
SERGE. Major Bowers, Ligar St.	42
Joe Trayer, Brampton	42
Cadet Harman, Richmond St.	41
Cadet Wiggins, Chelmsford	40
Bro. Gray, Midland	40
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I	40
Sister Pearce, Temple	40
Bro. Dixon, Temple	40
Capt. Wiggins, Chelmsford	40
LEUT. Bond, Sudbury	40
Cadet Ward, Richmond St.	39
SERGE. Major Beall, St. Catharines	35
SERGE. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Wiggins, Chelmsford	35
Capt. Peacock, Lindsay	35
Capt. Nelson, Uxbridge	35
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	35
LEUT. Durrach, Oshawa	35
Mrs. Adjt. Wainwright, Chelmsford	41
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I	42
Cadet Hunter, Richmond St.	41
Capt. Renzie, Yorkport	30
SERGE. Gilks, Norfolk	30
Capt. Hart, West Toronto Junction	30
LEUT. Jackson, Stroud	30
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	30
Sister Stacey, Temple	30
Sister McQuinn, Temple	30
SERGE. Jackson, Temple	30
Sister Bolton, Temple	29
Thos. Goble, Social Farm	28
LEUT. Wadge, Uxbridge	27
LEUT. Cooper, St. Catharines	27
Cadet Yuko, Oshawa	27
Capt. O'Neil, Fenelon Falls	27
Cadet Smith, Lippincott	26
SERGE. A. Stickels, Ligar St.	26
Sister Correll, Temple	25
LEUT. Dukes, Oshawa	25
LEUT. Craig, Meaford	25
Capt. Mainland, Oakville	25
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott	25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I	22
Capt. O'Neil, Fenelon Falls	22
SERGE. Major Courtemanche, Kinmount	22
Capt. Beall, Fenelon Falls	21
Bro. Curry, Hamilton II	21
Capt. Rowe, Dovercourt	20
SERGE. Major Price, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Clark, Hamilton II	20
Capt. Russell, Hamilton II	20
LEUT. Marshall, Faversham	20
Cadet Yennans, Lippincott	20
Bro. Taylor, Meaford	20
Bro. Young, Temple	20
SERGE. Major Bradley, Temple	20
Capt. Sister Ahmie Harbor	20
Capt. Bliss, West Toronto Junction	20
Wm. Thompson, Sudbury	20
LEUT. Kivell, Owen Sound	20
Capt. Finney, Aurora	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

40 Hustlers.

CADET GREAVETT, Butte	142
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	108
MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace	126
SISTER KENNEDY, Spokane	118
Capt. Noble, Lewiston	83
Cadet Lloyd, Anacosta	83
Capt. Bonhomme, Anacosta	80
May Lloyd, Anacosta	75
Capt. Quant, Trail	75
LEUT. Lancel, Lewiston	75
Capt. Scott, Spokane	67
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Billings	60
SERGE. Glen, Helena	60
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	55
Capt. Han, Lewiston	50
Cadet Long, Lewiston	50
Capt. Clara Ziebach, Kalispell	50
LEUT. Marie Ziebach, Kalispell	50
Cadet Gledy, Missoula	44
LEUT. Lancel, Lewiston	44
LEUT. Tracy, Sheridan	43
Cadet Fleetman, New Westminster	43
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	43
Sister Harlow, Spokane	43
Cadet Fleetman, New Westminster	43
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Mt. Vernon	35
Sister Anderson, Helena	35
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35
Mrs. N. G. W. Whateam	34
II. Oversoll, Anacosta	30

Sister Powell, West Whitehorn	21
Capt. Miller, Dillon	27
Mrs. Adjt. Hay, Batte	27
Sister Stephen Crane, New West-	
minster	23
Capt. McKelgan, Kasko	22
Sister Nellie Little, Victoria	22
Lieut. Stanley, West Whitehorn	20
Capt. Beaumont, Anandona	20
Capt. McKelgan, Kasko	20
Cadet Nesbitt, Dillon	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

38 Huskies.

SISTER M. GRAHAM, Halifax	1. 210
SISTER MERCY, St. John	1. 115
SERGEANT, Halifax	1. 110
CADET LEBLANC, St. John	1. 109
CAPT. G. THOMPSON, Campbell-	
ton	100
EMILY WHITE, Houlton	100
Capt. Brabant, St. John	90
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen	90
Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Cadet Mamie Tine, St. Stephen	67
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	60
Sergt. Allen, St. John	60
Capt. Leann, Sydney	59
Lieut. E. Taylor, St. Stephen	58
Capt. Pancey, Truro	55
Lieut. Brown, Truro	55
Lieut. Smith, Moncton	54
Sister Gladys Blankney, Moncton	48
Capt. J. W. Clark, North Sydney	40
Bro. Road, St. John	40
Lieut. Sharpnam, Carleton	40
Sergt. Chandler, St. John	40
Sergt. James Moore, Halifax	38
Capt. McDonald, Kentville	38
Sergt. J. Chislett, North Sydney	37
P. S. M. Chandler, St. John	35
Sergt. Major Day, North Sydney	31
Capt. Knight, Chatham	30
Lieut. McIvor, Halifax	30
Capt. Moors, Sackville	30
Lieut. Pemberton, Sackville	30
Cadet Adams, St. John	28
Sec. Mrs. Pike, North Sydney	25
Mother England, Chatham	22
Sister Conrad, Halifax	22
Lieut. Leadley, Kentville	20
Capt. Clark, St. John	20
Mattie Taylor, Chatham	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

21 Huskies.

LIEUT. ANDERSON, Fargo	143
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	80
Lieut. Clarke, Laramie	68
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	63
Mrs. Wilkins, Port Arthur	63
Annie McNab, Portage la Prairie	55
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	50
Mrs. Quafie, Woodworth, Portage	49
Capt. Patterson, Fargo	46
Lieut. Hangan, Edmonton	43
Sergt. Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	42
Sergt. Major Walks, Valley City	40
Maud Pearson, Selkirk	35
Lieut. M. Wick, Moose Jaw	32
Bro. Coolidge, Port Arthur	32
Sergt. Mrs. Burrows, Morden	51
Capt. Peetre, Edmonton	31
Maud Woodworth, Portage la	
Prairie	30
Sarah Chapman, Winnipeg	27
Capt. Halbkirk, Portage la Prairie	26
Capt. L. Smith, Moose Jaw	26

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

4 Huskies.

Cadet W. Reader, St. Johns	20
Cadet Follett, St. Johns	20
Cadet C. Reader, St. Johns	25
Cadet W. Webster, St. Johns	24

A Wedding Under Difficulties.

We can still report victory in this place. Our meetings have been well attended and the interest high.

One of the greatest attractions was the announcement of a Halldahl wedding which would occur on Wednesday evening. Staff-Captain Gage was announced to perform the marriage ceremony.

Just two days before this great event Capt. Lee, the commanding officer, took sick, and on Wednesday night was in his bed, and such a blizzard was blowing that Staff-Capt. Gage was unable to get through.

Word to this effect was received about half-past eight o'clock. Mrs. Lee, who was in charge, was at a loss to know what to do. However, a word was sent to the Captain and he immediately sent for one of the local ministers and in about half an hour the Rev. Mr. Gray and the contracting parties were standing on the platform in the midst of shouts of Halldahls.

The "I will's" were sounded clear and distinct, and soon was heard, "I declare you man and wife." After a few words from the preacher, Brother and Sister Taylor, a very interesting meeting was

brought to a close. The thermometer was 50° below zero. One who took part.

P. S.—After the ceremony a lovely set of china dishes was presented by the comrades of the couple to Bro. and Sister Taylor, as a token of their esteem.

A Newfoundland Wedding.

Weddings seem to always carry their own special attraction, although so frequent now-a-days.

On Wednesday morning the town was stirred with the striking announcements posted all over:



FROM THE North and the South* —the East and the West THEY COME.

Let Us Hear what They Say:

MAJOR HORN,
Trade Dept

Dear Major,—You have my best thanks for the prompt manner in which you got my latest suit out. The fit is excellent and leaves nothing to be desired. I must congratulate you and your staff.

Yours sincerely,
G. ATTWELL,
Ensign.

NEW GLASGOW, N.S.,

Feb. 3rd, 1899.

Dear Major,—Overcoat to hand. It fits beautiful, am well satisfied. God bless you.

Yours in Him,
ISRAEL FORSEY.

BRANCON, Jan. 27th, 1899.

TO TRADE SECRETARY,
Toronto.

Dear Sir,—Goods to hand a few days ago. Good fit, very well satisfied.

God bless you,
GEO. ELLIOTT,
Captain.

DEAR MAJOR HORN,

Have bought my clothing from Headquarters for the past seven years and take pleasure in saying that I have always been satisfied with the price, the material and the fit. My last suit came to hand promptly, and in a word it is "all right."

Yours affectionately,
J. ADAMS

✕ If you want a SUIT that will
FIT WELL, WEAR WELL, and LOOK WELL,

Send your Order to

THE TRADE SECRETARY,

S. A. Temple, Toronto.

P.S.—Samples Mailed Free.



"Come, see Halldahl's Wedding to-night. S. A. Barracks. Admission 15 cts."

"Hello! What's up? Who is it?"
"It's the Captain," says someone.
"No it's not, it's Brother J.—"
"I'll give a dollar to see it," says one person.

They were kept in suspense until meeting time, when the contracting parties turned up in the persons of Bro. and Sister Porter, supported by Bro. and Sister Pettan. Volley after volley reined the air as they came to the front. After the usual opening exercises, Ensign Kenway, an expert at this business, stepped to the front and read the Articles of

War (You mean the "Articles of Marriage," don't you, Captain?) asking the parties if they did agree to the conditions to stand forward, which they did promptly. The "I will's" came in good style, followed by shouts and dances and cheers from the audience. Then a few testimonies on married life, and the bridal party departed to their home in joy and peace. More to follow. (Weddings?—Ed.) J. A. G. Brown, Capt.

Brigadier Bennett desires to rectify an error which was made in one of the census returns of N.-D. collectors. Ensign Parker collected \$100—not \$90, as reported. Well done, Ensign Parker!

Cleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

S.-D. Collectors.

It appears that there has been considerable misunderstanding abroad about the publication of the names of those soldiers who collected \$10 and more for S.-D. A separate and special form was provided in the Hand-Book to be filled up by the officer in charge and sent to the Provincial Officer. A number of officers have not done this and a number of complaints have reached us. Will collectors please speak to their officers about this, as we have published all the names that have reached the Editorial Office. No names have reached us from the Pacific and Newfoundland Provinces.

Not Forgotten.

Brigadier Bennett requests us to publish two more names, who were omitted in the former list. We do so with pleasure, for it is such to honor those who have bravely toiled: Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal IV., \$25.00. Cadet Gave, Ottawa IV., 13.00. From the East we received the name of Capt. Perry, Pugwash, who collected \$14.00.

Related Bermuda S.-D. collectors, just reported, are:

Lieut. Young, St. Georges \$72.50
Eugene Packwood, St. Georges 12.00
The Clark, St. Georges 24.00

Re Siege Orders.

An officer said the other day that last year's Book was a great blessing to her. First, she read it. Second, she followed out its instructions, and found it to be the greatest help. She said two good effects followed: (1) It made a good work in her career. (2) It showed her how there were other people in the Salvation Army who had more brains than she had.

The First Shall be Last.

Many Salvationists who have developed literary abilities are trying up their talent in a napkin without using it, in spite of the continual pressure from the Editor. The very stones cry out against it. We are glad to see the humblest effort to help the War Cry. The following letter was received recently:

"Sir, this is to the glory of the War Cry we are soldiers in the — for for a long time though we would send our picture for War Cry for God and the saving of souls, please send the picture back."

We think this deliberate effort is deserving of praise, considering the many contributions which are promised but never materialize.

Bliss and Bister Again.

"There is a day of sunny rest For every dark and stormy night."

So says the poet, and so we find it in our daily editorial life. To wit, read these two quotations from our correspondence:

"Re the sketches in connection with the Bismarck list: could you not get something a little more cultured or refined?"

"Say, who's the boss of these compilation page pictures? They're worth a nickel apiece."

Adjt. Patterson.

In a note from our old comrade, he says: "We are getting on nicely at the Shelter—provided every night. I had the misfortune to get the end of my thumb squeezed off, and the forefinger badly lacerated while doing some repairs on a gas engine which was in the laundry. They are doing nicely now."

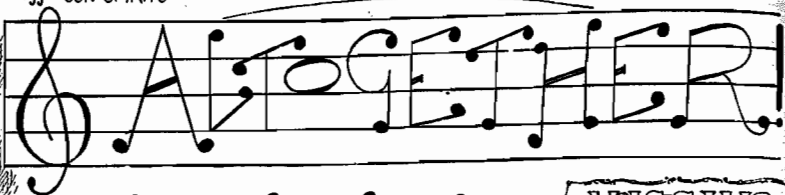
They Must Have It.

1. A sister writes, in sending her subscription to the War Cry: "Why I have to write for the paper is on account of there being no officers here at present, and the paper I must have."

2. Dear War Cry.—You are always a welcome visitor to our home. You bring blessings to our souls while reading your papers, also while introducing you to others. May God bless you. —Mrs. C. B.

Too late! Too late! In awful darkness sinking. The end is near, the end is near. While still in sorrow thinking Of all thy woe-filled years.

55 CON SPIRITO



Selected Siege Songs for Notorious Sinners' Week.

"Siege Grace!"

Tunes.—Anything for Jesus (B.B. 76; or, Onward Christian soldiers (B.J. 35) repeat last two lines for chorus.

1 Once again behold us, Jesus, precious Friend,
Gathered in Thy presence, as our
our knees we bend;
Much to us is given, more we still desire;
Draw us near to heaven, fill us with the
fire.

Chorus.

While we all are pleading,
Pour Thy grace, show Thy face:
Give us what we're needing—
Power to win the race.

Faith for unbelievers, simply to receive
What their worldly wisdom never can
conceive;
As Thy little children, Father, let us be,
Knelling for Thy blessing, looking
straight to Thee.

Let not one who's needing, leave this
place unblessed,
Give us, while we're pleading, Thine
own deep soul-rest,
So that forth to conquer everyone may
go,
Knowing hence for ever what is "Heaven
below."

R. T.

"Let us Seek the Worst!"

Tunes.—Who'll fight for the Lord every-
where? (B.B. 15); or, I believe we
shall win (B.J. 25) with old chorus.

2 Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
Till we march by the river of light,
Where the Lamb leads His hosts
free from care,
All robed in their garments of white?

Chorus.

Everywhere,
Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?
Oh, think of the deeds everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have trod,
Of the curses that breathe on the air,
From the sons wandering far from
their God.

O Saviour, lead me everywhere,
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy
rest,
Till the prey from the mighty we tear,
And our country with Thy peace is
blest.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see,
Many dying in sin everywhere,
My Saviour alone can set free.

A Siege Song.

By STAFF-CAPT. TURNER, Spokane.
Tunes.—Hold the fort (S.M. I. 24); or,
Nimmer, whither wilt you wander?
(B.B. 17).

3 Lo! my comrades, heed the message
Of our Leader given;
In the light a Siege is ordered
On the ranks of sin.

Chorus.

Forward to the Siege, my comrades,
Fists clenched on;
Grip your armor, face the conflict,
Might will conquer wrong.

Full instructions have been given.
If you want to fight;
Souls are wanted for the Muster,
Also soldiers bright.

If we're faithful in the battle,
And for souls have striven,
We'll enjoy the smile of Jesus,
Live with Him in heaven.

Arise, My Soul, Arise!

Tune.—B.J. 200, 2.

4 Arise, my soul, arise, shake off thy
guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice in my behalf
appears;
Before the Throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above for me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love, His precious
blood to plead.

His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the Throne of Grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears, received
on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers, they strong-
ly plead for me.

"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

My God is reconciled, His pardoning
voice I hear,
He owns me for His child, I can no
longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

How a Notorious Sinner Got Saved!

Tunes.—Oh, the Lamb (B.J. 3; B.J. 72);
Open, let the Master in (B.J. 52);
or, Come to Jesus (B.J. 9).

5 In ev'l long I took delight,
Unaware by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

Chorus.

Oh, the Lamb, the Bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth
again,
To intercede for me.

I saw One hanging on the tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins His blood had split,
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive,
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I died that thou may'st live."

None too Vile!

Tunes.—Rossini (B. I. 180); Spanish
Chant (B.J. 122); Wells (B.J. 51).

6 Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not harken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Jesus speaks, and pleads His Blood,
He disarms the wrath of God:
Now my Father's bowels move,
Justice lingers into love.

Kindled His relents are,
Me He now delights to spare:
Cries, "How shall I give you up?"
Lets the lifted thunder roar.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Sheds His wounds and spreads His
hands;
God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

"And Yet Ho Will Thy Sins Forgive"

By THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

7 Many fears, and sins and tears
Crowd the path you've trod for
years (repeat).

Chorus.

And yet He will thy sins forgive (re-
peat),
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,
And He will thy sins forgive.

Sinner, bark! In the dark!
Death's fierce storm will wreck your
bark.

Conscience scared, judgment feared,
Every hope your sin has blurred.

Sheds now past, how they cast
Shadows o'er the soul which last.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

Accompanied by MAJOR SOUTHALL

will visit and conduct Special
Meetings as follows:

STRATFORD, March 2, 3.

LONDON, March 4, 5, 6, 7.

ST. THOMAS, March 8.

WINDSOR, March 9, 10.

CHATHAM, March 11, 12, 13.

DRESDEN, March 14.

PETROLIA, March 15, 16.

WOODSTOCK, March 17.

BRANTFORD, March 18, 19, 20.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

MAJOR MONTAN

will visit the following corps and con-
duct Special Meetings:

CARBERRY Sat. and Sun., March 4

and 5.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Sat., March 1,

and Mon., March 11, 12 and 13.

(Inclusive Wedding Monday night.)

G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN PARKER.—Kingston, Mar.
2, 3, 4, 5; Sunbury, 6, 7; Kingston S.
Gannaque, 9, 10; Brockville, 11, 12;
Prescott, 13, 14.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Manitowish
Mar. 1-10; Copperville, 7; Stobie, 8;
North Bay, 9; Bar's Falls, 10; Brace-
bridge, 11-12; Parkerville, 13.

ENSIGN STAGERS.—Livingston,
March 1, 2; Bozeman, 3, 4, 5; Helena,
6, 7; Great Falls, 8, 9, 10; Belt, 11-13.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Galt, March 1,
2; Howden, 3, 4, 5; Paris, 6, 7; Brant-
ford, 8, 9; Simco, 10; Tilsonburg, 11;
12; Norwich, 13, 14.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; and, as far as possible, send wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty, Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 11 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to delay is pain.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3324. WILLIAM J. DICKENS, Age 35, tall, fair complexion. Moulder by trade. Last heard of 11 years ago in Toronto, Ont. His mother very anxious to get some news. Address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3325. REUBEN H. MILLER, Age 29, height 5 ft. 0 in. fair complexion. Left Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, about March, 1898, for Edmonton, Alberta District. Has not been heard of since. Brothers very anxious. Address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3327. SAMUEL EDWARD McLEOD, Age 24, fair complexion, blue eyes, tall and slight. Left Toronto ten years ago. Last heard of was in a bicycle factory in Buffalo. Widowed mother anxiously inquires.

3328. A. W. JEFFREY (auctioneer) and DANIEL JEFFREY, Left Toronto four years ago. Supposed to have gone to the New England States. Sister Mary most anxiously inquires.

Second Insertion.

3313. THOMAS GILLESPIE, A coppersmith by trade. Left Montana for Hulbert, Australia, April 1897. Last heard of at the Western Hotel, San Francisco, from which place he expected to sail on the boat Manaw, on April 28th, 1897. Description: age about 40, fair hair, 6 ft. high. His only sister anxiously inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3310. FREDERICK NORDINGER, Left Manitoba September 25th, 1897, with cattle, for Montreal, thence to Liverpool, thence to Hull and London, and returned to Boston, U. S. West to Georgia and on to Richmond, Virginia. Any information address Inquiry, Toronto.

3311. MRS. D. R. DALEY wishes to hear from her son, Samuel Daley, who once resided in summerville.

3300. JOHN S. SLOAN, Age 55, brown hair, light blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in. in height. Last heard of rafting timber at Sunset Beach, Mich. His brother inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3312. THOMAS HICKSON, Formerly lived in Manchester, England. Last heard of in Nova Scotia, in 1890. Age 44, lost part of one ear. Sister inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3268. WILLIAM ALBERT BEAT, T.Y. Last heard of ten years ago in San Francisco. About 35 years of age, tall, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly of Lisbellaw, Ireland. Anyone knowing Beat's whereabouts address Inquiry, Toronto, or Jennie Houston, 257 Carlton St., Toronto.

3227. THOMAS GEORGE FARE BROTHER, Age 26, height 5 ft. 9 in. brown hair and eyes. Left his home at Burnell, Wickford, on Monday, September 20th. His poor wife has no idea of his present whereabouts, but sincerely desires to forget and forgive. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3204. WILL P. J. D., who left West York on 23rd September kindly communicate with Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple, Toronto. Friends anxious.

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